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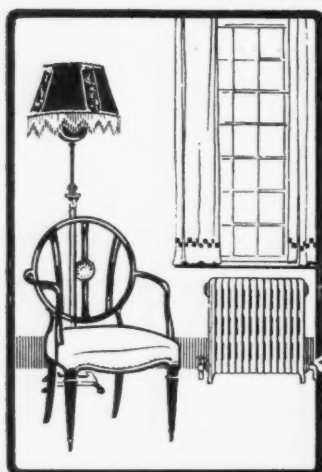
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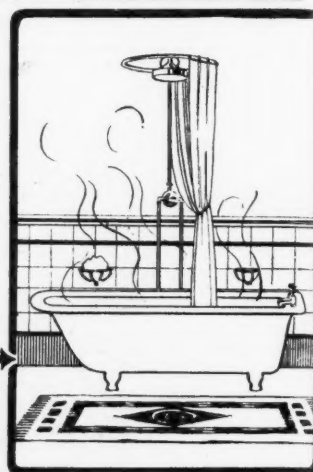
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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: <i>The Duchess of Sutherland</i> .. .. .	89
<i>The Arrangement of Farm Wages. (Leader)</i> .. .. .	90
Country Notes .. .. .	91
<i>The Jay</i> .. .. .	91
<i>Dying in Exile, by Aymer Vallance</i> .. .. .	92
<i>The Duke of Sutherland and His Party in Southern Sudan.—II. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	93
<i>On the Green, by Bernard Darwin</i> .. .. .	96
<i>The Degeneracy of the Red Deer. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	97
<i>A Monograph of the Pheasants. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	98
<i>Some More of Mr. Benson's Etchings. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	99
<i>Country Home: Rockingham Castle.—III, by J. A. Gutch. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	102
<i>Quo Vadis Europa? XI.—From Berlin (II), by Stephen Graham</i> .. .. .	110
<i>The Favourite Shots of Famous Players: Randolph Lycett—The Smash. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	112
Correspondence .. .. .	113
<i>Smoke; "A Vanishing Burn" (Bernard Hobson); Corsican Church Bells (M. H. Bicknell); Prolonging the Strawberry Season (F. W. Miles); A Great Crested Grebe's Nest stranded by the drought (Oliver G. Pike); Gclfish and Water-snails (S. E. Saunders); "The Tallest Yew in Europe" (Edwin Fayle); Tame Baby Badgers (Howard Barrett); The Frog's Scream; "Californian Bees" (W. M. E. Fowler); The Golden-backed Woodpecker in India (E. L. Richardson).</i>	
<i>A Lesser Town House of To-day: No. 19, West Eaton Place, London, S.W. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	115
<i>The Estate Market</i> .. .. .	117
<i>The Supremacy of Craig-an-Eran. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	118
<i>A Royal Spinet, by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	lxvi.
<i>Lions Stalking Their Prey, by Sir Frederick J. Jackson, K.C.M.G., C.B. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	lxviii.
<i>How to Profit by a Good Partridge Season, by R. Sharpe. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	lxx.
<i>Grouse Prospects for 1921, by Tom Speedy</i> .. .. .	lxxiv.
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	lxxviii.
<i>Holiday Lawn Tennis, by F. R. Burrow</i> .. .. .	lxxxiv.
<i>A New Golf Book, by Horace G. Hutchinscn</i> .. .. .	lxxxvi.
<i>Modes for the Moors. (Illustrated)</i> .. .. .	lxxxviii.

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## THE ARRANGEMENT OF FARM WAGES

IT would appear to be possible that the Agricultural Wages Board will not pass out of existence at a moment when its efficiency might be subjected to the test of a necessary reduction of wages. Up to now the work has been pleasant and not at all trying. The progress of wages has been upward since the Board was set up, and, as farmers have been prospering, it has not been difficult to avoid any stubborn resistance on their part or even secure a certain amount of co-operation. A point has now been reached at which wages are bound to fall. Two influences are at work to produce this result. During the war and for two years after it the demand was greater than the supply: to-day it is the other way about. Experience and skill stand where they did and the labour market is not flooded with first-class shepherds and herdsmen, to say nothing of the clever mechanics for whose services the competition grows keener. But a great deal of the labour on a farm is unskilled and can be easily recruited from the crowds of unemployed. It is this type of worker who has most fully benefited by the fixing of a minimum wage and the lessening of the hours of labour. We are afraid the unskilled labourer

has been more intent on enjoying his new advantages than on working hard to deserve them. It was a novel experience for him to obtain more wages than he had ever got before, to begin later and stop earlier, to receive his money even when the weather prevented work. He was relieved of a great deal of care and anxiety and, as he was left with little inducement to extra exertion, it was only to be expected that he would learn to slacken.

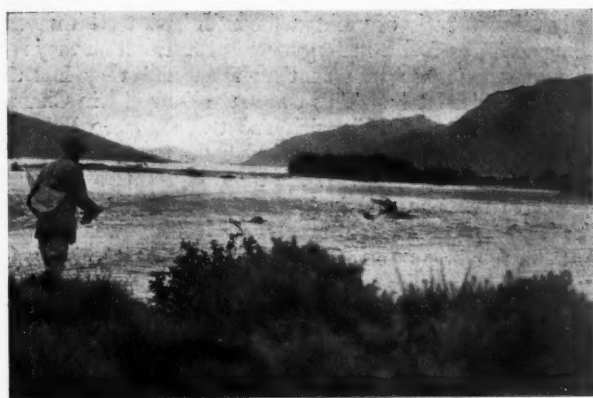
Whatever may be said about the other items that make up the Control of Agriculture, no one is likely to argue that the fixing of wages and hours is an unmixed blessing. Decontrol offers an opportunity to make a readjustment, but it is of great importance that it should be friendly in character. No more in agriculture than in mining is it to anyone's advantage that there should be any strife. Were it to come to that, experience tells us that the workers, the employers and the general public would suffer. They would do so the more severely forasmuch as the battle would rage round food. And we cannot believe that the two ideals are fatal to one another. Farmers are not desirous of lowering wages if the men will give more work by agreeing to lengthen the hours and if they will also accept an arrangement about wages that, without diminishing earnings, would stimulate to greater industry. Labourers, as distinguished from their union officials and organisers, have scarcely yet realised what the impending change means. That furnishes a greater reason for looking ahead. We would earnestly urge the Farmers' Union and the Labourers' Union to get together as soon as possible for the purpose of setting this wage question on a solid footing. A great difficulty with farmers is likely to be that of persuading them to keep books and show a balance-sheet. On that basis alone will it be possible to come to an understanding. The workers are under the delusion that vast are the rewards of the working farmer. Unless they can be cured of this delusion the chances of a peaceful and permanent settlement are remote.

Such is a general and rough sketch of the basic conditions. They may be summarised as (a) no decrease in earnings unless forced by the fall in prices, (b) a system by which the efficient and industrious will receive a suitable reward, (c) an annual balance-sheet. Enquiries are being made at places where a system of this kind exists, and we propose to give details about them in a future article.

It has been stated that there is a prospect of the Agricultural Wages Board being retained by an "agreed" arrangement. The country has had little reason to rate "agreed" bargains very highly. No permanent settlement is likely to be achieved by this method. The phrase never means that the bargain has been made with the ascertained sanction of those intimately concerned. Its insufficiency will be apparent from the most cursory examination of the defects needing remedy. The most conspicuous is that the system now in vogue fails to supply the labourer with a stimulant to do his best. Like the workers of the parable, each labourer on a farm receives his allotted penny—the penny represents forty-six shillings a week in the county where this is being written. Lazy and industrious, the weak and the strong, the skilled and the unskilled are paid the same, always assuming that they are qualified by age to be in the class to which the wage is paid. If ever there were a device specially designed to shield the shirker and discourage the worker who is keen it is this. No real advance in agricultural achievement is possible with a dead log like this tied round its neck. The production of an alternative, if it ever takes place, will not be the outcome of two sets of bargainers carrying on an argumentative tug-of-war till they arrive at some patched-up stop-gap that they can label "agreed." After the experience we already have had of such hasty and ill considered make-shifts the time has come for a statesman to produce a just and well balanced scheme that will be fair to masters and men alike and infuse a spirit of buoyant energy into both.

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## COUNTRY NOTES

AT a time when we are all hoping that things in general are taking an upward turn the annual report of the Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health makes, on the whole, cheerful reading. The birth-rate has gone sharply up, having reached 25.4 for 1920 as compared with 18.5 in 1919, and for nearly all ages the death-rate has gone steadily down. The rate of infant mortality is the lowest ever recorded, namely, 80 in every 1,000 births. What this means is only appreciated when we know that between 1871 and 1880 the rate was 149 in 1,000, so that in fifty years the infant death-rate comes near to having diminished by a half. Another cheering statement is that the ordinary epidemic diseases, the measles and other almost inevitable illnesses of childhood, which once killed their thousands, are seldom to-day the chief causes of death, even though they can and do often leave irreparable traces behind them. In the case of one disease there has been a marked increase, namely, encephalitis lethargica, which is generally called "sleepy sickness." In this instance we may hope much from the researches which are now being prosecuted. Perhaps the most encouraging diminution in the figures of any one disease is to be found in the tuberculosis statistics. Since 1917 the cases notified have diminished by one-sixth, and the disease appears to be decreasing in severity as well as in numbers. We are apt to forget how not so very long ago this disease was regarded as an invincible foe, that, once it laid a grip on its victim, must win the fight sooner or later.

PROBABLY very few people here had any great expectations from the trial at Leipzig, which is just over. The sentence of four years imprisonment may, indeed, strike them as rather more severe than they had anticipated. Yet it is a ridiculously inadequate one. The Court appear to have faced the facts. They found that the submarine did fire on the boats of the *Llandovery Castle* and that there was no other possible target for them to fire at. Granted those facts, there would appear only one possible verdict, namely that of murder. But the Court was either not brave enough or not honest enough for that and the prisoners were only found guilty of illegal killing. The grounds for this verdict seem to have been partly that the two prisoners were under the orders of Patsig, their superior officer, and partly the possibility that Patsig may have been in an excited condition. These two defences, as a learned judge said the other day of the defence in a murder trial here, do not run well together in harness, and the precise state of Patsig's nerves at the time seems to us to be irrelevant. It has never been even insinuated that he did not know perfectly well what he was doing. The whole affair has been not far from a farce, and it was a not inappropriate ending to it that the prisoners were cheered and hailed as "heroes."

THE death of Mr. Hawker touches us all, because, though we may know nothing of aeroplanes or motor cars or any form of mechanics, we love a brave man. Nobody who saw it will ever forget the scene of pent up relief and enthusiasm following on days of hope almost gone, when fresh from his rescue in the Atlantic, Hawker and his companion were swallowed up in the swirling tumult of the London streets. The manner of his death is one that he must himself often have envisaged. "One moment stood he . . . high in the stainless eminence of air. The next he was not." He will be remembered by the world at large as a dashing and fearless creature, a great adventurer; but it should never be forgotten that he had, besides these captivating qualities, a mechanical genius, a passion for efficiency and hard work. One who knew him intimately has sent us a little account of this side of his character and of some of his mechanical achievements and we cannot do better than quote it as it was written.

"HAWKER'S one ambition," his friend writes, "was to get more from an internal combustion engine of given size than anyone else had succeeded in getting, and his perpetual success became a byword. The internal combustion engine is playing its part in our everyday life to a continually increasing extent and the keynote of the development of this engine is the obtaining of greater power from a unit of given size. It was in this particular that Hawker shone most brilliantly, and never an engine passed through his hands but it showed an increased power capacity of from 20 per cent. to 100 per cent. when he had finished with it. The same applied to his work in aeroplane and motor car design. He began where others had left off and carried what they considered the final stage of development to a point that they had either not dreamed of, or had definitely decided to be impossible of achievement. His many and, as they were deemed, miraculous escapes were generally not miraculous at all, but due to his wonderful judgment and strength of nerve and muscle." The last time that I saw him he was pointing out the tracks of his wheels after a skid when travelling in a car at over a hundred miles an hour on the Brooklands track. This was about a fortnight before his death. No one but Hawker could have avoided death at the end of that skid. It took place on a car which, originally capable of some sixty miles an hour, regularly accomplished when he had finished with it over a hundred."

### THE JAY.

I trod the wood with stealthy steps,  
That I should not be heard,  
And so perhaps might watch unseen  
Some unsuspecting bird,  
Or see a russet-coated stag,  
Perchance, a badger grey,  
A fox, or bright eyed squirrel,  
Or rabbits at their play.  
But a jay-bird saw me coming  
And he gave a warning shriek,  
As he shouted "Cave Hominem!"  
And vanished like a streak.  
And the jay-bird told a blackbird,  
And the blackbird, with a shout,  
Went scurrying along the wood  
And spread the news about.  
The rabbits vanished in a fright,  
I saw no badger grey,  
The squirrel hid behind a tree,  
The red stag slipped away.

F. C. G.

JUST as it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, so it is a good rain that does nobody any harm. Doubtless Thetford in company with the rest of the country had been longing for rain, and when the rain came it was of so intemperate a character that it flooded parts of the town, laid low the corn and damaged the fruit crops. Yet, doubtless, many sweltering citizens have been envying Thetford, for the rain was anything but impartial. The present writer was supremely lucky in that he met a tremendous shower while driving in a motor car, and the violent beating of

the rain on face and hands was one of the most delightful of all possible sensations, while the smell of the damp earth, after the shower had passed, was but little behind it. Perhaps, however, it is unfairly tantalising to talk about it. We once knew an old lady who lived among the Welsh hills where the dripping of the rain from the trees was an almost continuous music. If ever there were two or three dry, hot days in succession she would say that she "felt like a peacock screaming for rain." Most of us do not feel so acutely till we have had a good many days of sunshine—but we have all got to the screaming point by this time.

TO many people a canal is little more than a pleasant anachronism, a picturesque object in the landscape, with its grey stone bridges and its sleepy horses on the towpath, its boats decked in bright colours and curious traditional patterns, its gipsy-like floating population. They do not realise that before the war the canals and inland waterways carried forty million tons of traffic a year, profitably to themselves and to the community. The present conditions have adversely affected the canals, and the Committee on Inland Waterways has been investigating causes and possible remedies. This Committee has now made a second interim report to the Minister of Transport, proposing that the waterways should be brought together in seven groups managed by Public Trusts, and that the first experiment should be made immediately with the River Trent section. It must be desirable that the canals should not go to rack and ruin and that their business should be carried on if it is economically possible.

THERE was an interesting meeting last week of the Incorporated Vermin Repression Society, presided over by Lord Aberconway who appealed for funds for the Society's work. This work was illustrated by a film which showed the rat's method of attack in house, farm and warehouse and the Ministry of Agriculture's methods of combating and destroying him. A very good notion was obtained of the excellent work of the Society's official "exterminators," equipped with ferrets, dogs, nets and guns. Some clue to the magnitude of the rat problem in this country may be gathered from the fact that, even if the recent Census shows a total of 50,000,000, there will still probably not be so many people in this country as there are rats. Careful estimates show that this statement, alarming as it is, is not exaggerated, and since the rat helps himself to food costing an average of a penny a day we may be said figuratively to foot an annual bill for the sustenance of our rats amounting to £70,000,000.

THE Forestry Commissioners have just issued their first annual report. They were appointed, it will be remembered, under the Forestry Act of 1919, and began their work at the end of that year when the planting season was over. The report is a very full and interesting document, which can now only be briefly touched upon. The planting programme for 1920-21 has, we learn, been duly carried out and about 8,000 acres have now been planted. The projected policy is not merely to establish this State forestry, but also to co-operate with the private and corporate owners in the maintenance of existing woodland. Of this there are some 3,000,000 acres. It is hoped that such owners will, with the Commission's assistance, re-afforest at least 50,000 acres of old woodland and plant 60,000 new acres. This report points out that the cost of establishing plantations has greatly increased; in some cases it is even treble what it was—but suggests, as some compensation, that the sale of land has brought fresh capital into country districts which might be used for planting. The war showed us how dependent we were on an adequate supply of timber. That fact is, indeed, the reason of the Commission's existence, and it is to be hoped that the new landowners will live up to the hopes entertained of them.

IN all forms of sport there are always one or two dominant personalities, known to thousands who know next to nothing of the sport itself. In yachting this quality of impressing itself on the popular imagination belongs to the King's cutter *Britannia*. She has a great personality of her own and seems like a familiar friend to those who

only think vaguely of yachts as beautiful, white, shimmering things. They feel a little glow of pleasure when they read that *Britannia* has won another race, and they had this pleasure quite lately. This was in the Down Swin Channel matches of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, when *Britannia* won the handicap for yachts over 70 tons. There was so nearly a dead calm that the three big cutters had to be towed to the line and kedged to wait for the start, and the first hours of the race were rather weary work. Later a fair breeze came to the rescue. *Britannia* won a comfortable victory, defeating two old adversaries, Sir Charles Allom's *White Heather*, of which some interesting pictures appeared last summer in COUNTRY LIFE, and Mrs. Workman's *Nyria*. The King was on board his cutter for this her second successive victory.

THE Australians have drubbed us so unmercifully this year that they have produced a peculiar effect on our outlook on our own domestic matches. When someone makes a big score in a county match we are apt to say "Yes, but Gregory or Macdonald would have him out in no time." Even Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's, a match which has a unique tradition and romance of its own, has suffered. The Gentlemen should have done well. It is a long time since they have had two bowlers who opened the bowling for England as Mr. Douglas and Mr. White did in the last Test Match. But the side proved thoroughly disappointing. Their batting was weak and lacked the stolid steadiness of their adversaries. There was, however, one really bright spot, and that was the gallant and glorious hitting of Mr. Fender in the second innings, which saved the Gentlemen from complete ignominy and made at least something of a match of it.

#### DYING IN EXILE.

A white road climbing up the hill,  
A grey church-tower atop of it,  
And, at the foot, a crystal rill  
With marge of mirrored daffodil;  
Where swallows flit;

And where, in antlered elder-bush,  
The cuckoo calls; where kingfishers  
Untiring dart 'mid reed and rush  
Till darkness reigns with midnight hush,  
And no life stirs;

Where, too, at dawning roseate,  
And eke at noontide strenuous,  
And when the waning light is late,  
Thrice daily, bells on Golden Gate  
The *Angelus*.

Mine Home! ten thousand leagues from here  
Where now this stricken body lies;  
O, pitying Jesu, hear my prayer!  
And, when I close these mortal eyes,  
Transport my yearning spirit there,  
Where, if on earth be anywhere,  
Is Paradise.

AYMER VALLANCE.

DUNCAN AND MITCHELL are this week trying to return "Jock" Hutchison's compliment by winning the Open Golf Championship of America. Whether they succeed or fail, it is good news that we are soon sending across the Atlantic one who is, in her own sphere, a greater and more undisputed champion than either of them—Miss Cecil Leitch. Unless the climate is unkind—and golf on a hot day in America can be a refined form of torture—we shall have great confidence in her returning crowned with fresh laurels. We have seen Miss Alexa Stirling, the American Champion, and she is a beautiful player, but she plays golf extraordinarily well as a lady. So do the best of our own lady players except one, and that one is Miss Leitch. Her game is essentially virile. What Mlle Lenglen is in the world of ladies' lawn tennis she is in that of ladies' golf. She does not destroy her enemies so easily as does the French lady, since golf is not so certain a game as lawn tennis; "it's aye the putting," and no one, man or woman, has yet been discovered who always putts well.



But when the supreme moment comes she wins, and she has this attribute that always belongs to the few outstanding champions of games: things seem to go her way in a crisis,

which is to say that she can rise to the occasion and be the mistress of her own fate. The best of good wishes from all games players here will attend her on her crusade.

## THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AND HIS PARTY IN SOUTHERN SUDAN.—II

THE preceding article on the Duke of Sutherland's expedition into the Southern Sudan and up the Bahr-el-Ghazal and Bahr-el-Zaraf gave a general idea of the ground that was covered and the information obtained. His particular object on the sporting side was to get specimens of the animals that are not often to be shot in other parts of Africa, especially the white rhinoceros, the roan antelope, if possible some good reed-buck, a specimen of Mrs. Grey's water-buck, a good elephant or two, and so on. Any lions and other "small deer" that might come in the way of the rifles might be dealt with, but the duke had already done enough business with lions, and also buffalo, in former expeditions to East Africa, to satisfy himself with the carnivora of Africa. Both he and Lord Maidstone must have been very lucky in this South Sudan trip, and also they must (though probably neither of them would admit it) have held very straight rifles. This straight holding of rifles makes for good bags, but it does not make, especially with a gun of such calibre as the .577 Holland and Holland which the duke used for elephant, for incident and accident.

Nevertheless, this shooting of the elephant on foot, in a country of high reeds, where it is easy enough to approach him if you get the wind right, but where you never know exactly what is going to happen from moment to moment as you urge your way through the giant grasses, ought to be exciting enough for anybody. The excitement was all the greater in this elephant shooting by the duke and his party because the herd was a large one, nearly all bulls, that had come from a long way inland. The natives know all the herds near the river and knew that this was a stranger herd coming in to drink from some district where their usual supply had failed by reason of the uncommon drought. This herd of foreigners had been located in a marshy peninsula formed by the stream and the land abutting into it. The reeds on the marsh were very high. It must have been rather nerve-racking work to go creeping about in this marshy land with its forest of great reeds, knowing, and hearing, that the elephants, which probably you could not see, were close about you. Every now and then all the trunks of the herd go straight up into the air as some slight human taint borne on a changeable breeze puzzles them for a moment. There is a beautiful uncertainty about the direction that the herd may take, if it chooses to stampede in a situation like this; and even if they are not intending to do you a mischief, it cannot be much fun to be right in the path of stampeding elephants,



THE ONLY HIGH GROUND IN THE COUNTRY.

especially when the reed forest makes it impossible for them to see more than a few feet ahead where they are going. Then, in a herd like this, there is all the trouble of selecting, of getting up to and, finally, of having an unimpeded shot at the beast

you want—one with good tusks. Nevertheless, as the duke puts it, "We went ashore in the morning and got two"—that is, he would have shot one and Lord Maidstone another—"they only moved away about a mile or two, and in the afternoon we went ashore again and killed two more. In the evening the duchess killed one. She hit it in the right place all right. Maidstone and I put a bullet into it afterwards to make sure, but hers was the first shot and in the right place." Now, the elephant is a very large beast, but the "right place" in which to put the bullet, as all his shooters agree, is a very small one. If you are at all off that small bull's-eye you do him practically no harm at all, so far as his immediate activity and ability to make himself unpleasant are concerned. So the moment of pressing the trigger must be rather an anxious one. The present writer has no experience of it: the pressing of the trigger when the aim is at a gentle red-deer stag, which may be fairly relied on to run away from you if he is able to run after the shot—not at you—gives all the thrill that is wanted by his nerves. It all sounds so beautifully simple and as if there were no trouble or risk or thrill about it at all.



IVORY.





THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.

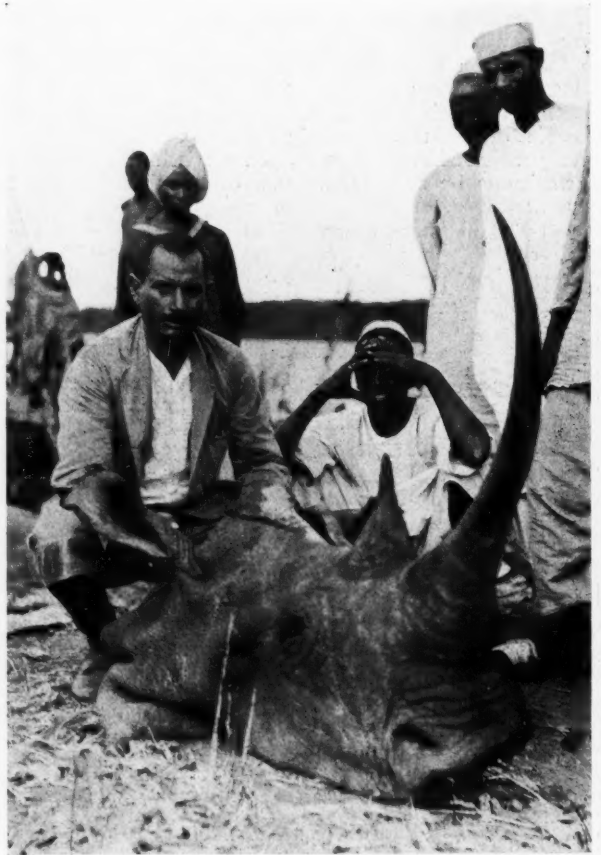
And then, the day after, it seems that this herd from inland, not finding the neighbourhood very friendly, moved off. One more bull elephant that was seen wandering by himself in the distance was killed the next morning after a long and circuitous stalk to get the wind right.

Thus, in these two days and with these few words they had killed all the elephants permitted to them, for, happily, these are the days of restricted licences. The slaughters of the earliest ivory hunters are not to be repeated. Two to each shooter is the limit. All six of the killed were good specimens. The best had tusks weighing close on 150lb., and two of the others about 140lb. each. In a land that is as flat as this the elevation of a dead elephant's back is not to be scorned as a point of view. The Duke of Sutherland is standing on the back of the elephant first killed, in the picture on the previous page, and has his glasses on the herd that looked like returning.

It was two or three days later, and after two or three days more of steaming southward up the river, that they came on the great prize, the white rhinoceros. They knew that they were in country now where the white rhinoceros was likely to be found, and the Arab hunters and trackers were on the look-out for them. They came on the fresh spoor one day in the morning; but, though they followed on through all the daylight hours, they did not come up with the rhinoceros. It remained only to make a fresh start the next morning from the farthest point reached the night before; and so, going forth again on the morrow, they came at length on the strange and rare beast, but came upon him in strange and unpromising surroundings: he was in the midst of a herd of buffalo. They wanted a good buffalo specimen, but they wanted the white rhinoceros more; and this particular white rhinoceros they coveted especially as soon as they got the glass on him, for they were able to see that he had an uncommonly fine horn. The situation was difficult and, so long as it was maintained as they found it, pretty hopeless. The rhinoceros with his attendant buffaloes was like the red deer stag in the midst of the hinds—it was impossible to get near him without giving the wind, if not the actual vision, to one or other of his surrounding guards. All that was to be done was to "wait and see" until things should develop differently and more favourably.

And they did so develop. After a while the rhinoceros detached himself a little from the buffaloes, and, by good luck

for the shooters and ill luck for himself, he went to leeward of the herd. Had he gone to windward of it, the rifles could not have got near him. They, of course, for their "wait and



THE WHITE RHINOCEROS'S HEAD.

LORD MAIDSTONE AND  
BUFFALO.THE SHOEBILL, OR WHALE-HEADED  
STORK.MRS. GREY'S WATERBUCK, KILLED  
ON BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.

see" had been keeping a position to leeward, not to give the wind to either buffalo or rhinoceros, and as he detached himself from the herd and showed himself between the herd and the waiting rifles they chuckled and knew that, given tolerable luck and straight shooting, they had him. And no mistake was made, either in the stalk—and a rhinoceros has the credit of being a most easy beast to stalk, provided the wind is right, because of his poor eyesight—or in the holding of the rifle. The duke took the shot, and the result was as the picture shows it. The rhinoceros had a very fine horn of 37ins.—not a "record," but not far short of the best. After this stalk had ended in the successful kill they found that they, as they stalked, had been the objects of a stalk in their turn. They had been stalked by a couple of those eccentric-looking creatures, wart-hogs. Presumably it was not with any intent to do them injury, but out of mere pig-like curiosity, that the hogs had been after them. They were too much occupied with the white rhinoceros to notice the hogs, but it must have made a quaint sight for the men looking on. The buffaloes decamped for the time being at full speed in a huge cloud of dust while all this business with the rhinoceros was going on; but they do not seem to have travelled far, and the next day Lord Maidstone got a bull with a good head, though nowhere near a record.

From the record-making point of view the best head that they got was a reed-buck's of 17½ins., shot by Lord Maidstone,

which, we believe, is the best that has been killed yet; but, on the whole, what with this reed-buck, the white rhinoceros, some good specimens of roan antelope and Mrs. Grey's water-buck, two lions and six elephants, of which two had very good tusks, it was a wonderfully successful expedition, and they might have spent the same number of weeks in the same country a dozen times over and not have done so well.

They seem to have been much struck by the number and tameness of some of the big game. Probably a large number of the animals, driven by the scarcity of water elsewhere to take up their abode for the time being not farther than ten or twelve miles away from the river, had hardly ever seen man, and never, likely enough, a white man. So they were, on the whole, confiding. One of the creatures that they found most difficult to approach was a bird, the whale-headed stork, or shoebill, which the duke wanted to have stuffed for his museum at Dunrobin, and obtained one specimen. There is, or until lately was, one in the Zoological Gardens in London, and a quainter looking animal could not be imagined. Its immense upper bill spread out into a shoe-like expanse—whence its name—gave it an appearance of most comic solemnity and at the same time of singular stupidity. Yet this impression was probably quite wrong, for the duke's party found these shoebills the wariest of all the creatures they tried to get near. It was impossible to come within shot-gun range, and they



THE LIONS.



had to be killed, if at all, with the small rifle, at long range. No doubt, the bird, unlike the beast, had made acquaintance with man in some of the places whither its wings carried it and knew him well as the common enemy. The country was very treeless and there were many other birds than the riverine kinds.

Of these creatures that they bagged mention should be made of the hippopotamus, which a picture accompanying the first article showed being pulled and shoved ashore after being shot from the bank; but no hunter of big game has ever claimed that the hippopotamus, though big enough, made a very sporting quarry. This hippopotamus was in no respect remarkable, but Lord Maidstone did kill a crocodile of rather uncommon size—15½ ft. long and 6 ft. in girth.

There is an idea that the African elephant has been decreasing so fast in numbers of late years that the moment of his extinction is not far off unless he be protected in some reserves or sanctuary. It is an idea which, fortunately, does not seem at all to be supported by what the duke and his



THE BIG CROCODILE.

party saw in this Southern Sudan region. The elephants were very numerous, though the big bulls are not so now. The riverine herds are mostly composed of cows and calves. Of course, allowance must be made for the aforesaid attraction of the river in a very dry season; but, still it is evident that there must be elephants in far larger number than some of the pessimistic estimates have supposed. Farther south, again, their number must, of course, be very much less than it was in the old days of Selous's youth, for instance, when the ivory-hunters for profit used to go out with their rifles of immense bores and vast charges of black powder, causing a brain-shattering explosion when they were fired; but within the Sudan limits, at all events, there will, so far as one may see, be elephants in plenty for a long while to come, provided the restrictions of the present shooting licences are maintained.

That is a satisfactory conclusion with which we may well close this account of an expedition that was itself satisfactory in every point far beyond the common measure of its kind.

## ON THE GREEN

BY BERNARD DARWIN

### DUNCAN AND MITCHELL IN AMERICA.

**D**UNCAN AND MITCHELL made a very encouraging start to their American tour. Straight off the boat, they attacked Jock Hutchison, home from his triumphs at St. Andrews, and Tom Kerrigan, who was third in our Open Championship, and beat them roundly. The match was on the course of the Pelham Club, and Jim Barnes, who is the professional there, should have played, but he was, apparently, unable to and so Kerrigan took his place. The match was a seventy-two hole four-ball match, and why anybody should play such a game will seem to some British golfers one of those things "that no fellow can understand." However, we know that if the Americans' taste in golf differs in some ways from ours, they play the game at once unpleasantly well and in the pleasantest possible spirit. Duncan and Mitchell must have been at their very best to win as they did. True, they came down with rather a severe bump in their next match against Mr. "Jerry" Travers and Mr. Max Marston. Nevertheless, we are encouraged to hope good things for them in the American Open Championship, which is being played this week on the course of the Columbia County Club at Chevy Chase, near Washington. I gather that this is not a very, very long course, but that it wants lots of accuracy. Pictures of it show nicely undulating ground, liberally spotted with bunkers and some very pretty woodlands to catch the erring drive. In fact it looks a typical good inland course such as our players should not find in any way strange, and we may be sure that the greens are all that greens should be.

### CHILDREN AND THEIR CLUBS.

At this time of year, when whole families are starting out for golfing holidays, the head of the family will often be thinking about clubs for his offspring. I was rather interested the other day to see a brand new, spick and span set of child's clubs that a devoted father had bought off the peg, so to speak, in a big shop. The wooden club was good enough, with a nice steely shaft and a solid dumpy little head, but the irons struck me as rather feeble toys. They were absurdly light and the heads were so small that there was only just room upon them for the ball. I believe there is always this danger about clubs which are labelled "Children's" or "Ladies'." They are highly varnished and have a certain futile prettiness, but they are extraordinarily difficult to hit the ball with; and if the child or lady aforesaid did hit the ball, it would not go. I have never yet seen a good lady player who played with anything that would be called a lady's club, and I doubt if the most talented child could play with a child's club so labelled. I have seen clubs admirably adapted to children, but they were either cut-down cast-offs of elder players or were made to order by a skilful club-maker. They possessed heads of a proper size with a reasonable amount of weight in them. I believe a good test to be this:

If the parent or guardian who is making a purchase feels that he should like to have a shot with the small club himself, then it is a good club. If he only says to himself: "I suppose this is the sort of club a child ought to have, but I feel I should either break it or miss the globe with it," then it is of no more use than the unspliced bat in the toy shop window.

### PUTTING IN THE NURSERY.

Clearly a child does not want a multiplicity of clubs. He or she will do better by trying to master a few; but I do firmly believe that there ought to be no economy in the matter of a putter. We are apt to say: "Oh, a child does not know how difficult putting is. He can knock the ball into the hole with anything." In a way it is true: the child will not make so ridiculous a fuss as we should over a 3 ft. putt and will bang cheerfully and bravely at it with a mashie, but in doing so he will acquire, very likely, a thoroughly unsound way of putting that will cling to him all his life. Personally I do not think I had a putter of my own till I went up to Cambridge. I used to "scabble" the ball, not unsuccessfully, into the hole with an old lofting iron. Traces of this upbringing I can still discern in the extreme proximity of my nose to the ball on the putting green, but the fact that I have been trying ever since to discover the right kind of putter and the right way of using it makes me think that I was badly brought up. After all, a putter—of some sort—is the one club that most of us can afford to give away without a pang. He is a very rare golfer who has not got several discarded ones, dismal skeletons in his family cupboard. Let us, then, borrow the meat saw from the kitchen, cut one of them down and make at once a cheap and handsome present. We may at the same time be making a future champion.

### FIFTEEN TWOS AT WALTON HEATH.

A friend of mine asked Braid the other day how many holes there were on the old course at Walton Heath that he had not, at one time or another, done in two. "The seventh and the seventeenth," the great man replied, meditatively, "I have done all the others." Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "No, I'm wrong. I've never done the eighteenth in two; but I should have if the flag had not been in the hole." Even allowing for this piece of ill fortune, it is not a bad record. I am not quite sure how many of the holes he has done in one, but, at any rate, the sixth and twelfth, I feel sure. So, at worst, we get an "eclectic" score of 37, which strikes one as distinctly good for Walton Heath. The drought is, no doubt, favourable to an improvement on this achievement. I do not know if Braid could quite drive the eighteenth green—there is a big bunker in the way—but the seventh and seventeenth are brought within very easy reach for the second shot. Still, even with the hard ground that second shot is, in the words of a familiar golfing story, "the hell of a putt."



## THE DEGENERACY OF THE RED DEER

WITH the deer-stalking season so close upon us the geological record of the red deer is a matter of considerable interest. Naturalists and scientific men generally are agreed that the red deer—as also man, the Norway rat, the stinging nettle, couch grass and the plague bacillus—originated in Central Asia, and in the course of ages spread Eastward and Westward. So far as the deer is concerned its migration in either direction seems only to have been stopped by the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean having been successfully turned on the Eastward migration and the journey extended to the whole of Canada, the United States and the Northern parts of Mexico. The theory is that this migration took place at a time sufficiently remote from the geological standpoint for Kamschatka, Anadir and Alaska to have been continuous land, that is, before the irruption or intervention of the Bering Straits. By examining present-day types, such as can be found at the domicile of origin and comparing them with the red deer found at the two extremities of the migratory journeys, we can ascertain the effects produced by change of environment.

The Ross-shire stag is the resulting type of the Westward migration, while the Eastern type is well represented by a wapiti from the State of Maine. The examples illustrated are as regards size only average. Larger specimens might easily have been picked both of barasingh and wapiti and, possibly, also, of the Ross-shire stag, but it would be hard to find anywhere a more symmetrical, even and regular set of heads than those depicted. There is not a point or curve on any horn which is not reproduced with corresponding and almost mathematical accuracy on its fellow. A mere glance will show how greatly the Scotch red deer has degenerated from the pristine type. On the other hand the American red deer, the wapiti, has increased both in bulk of body and size of horn. The Scotch deer weighed 14st., the barasingh about 40st., and the wapiti about 60st., all clean. The respective head measurements were as follows:—Scotch: length, 22ins.; spread, 21ins.; beam, 3½ins. Barasingh: length, 37ins.; spread, 39½ins.; beam, 5½ins. Wapiti: length, 46ins.; spread, 45½ins.; beam, 6½ins.

Except to experts measurements of this kind do not mean much, but a glance at the illustrations (which are all on the same scale) will supply a better idea of the comparisons established. When the red deer first reached Scotland it had not lost much of its size, for Pleistocene fossil horns from Sutherland with a beam of 9ins. and a length of over 50ins. are still in existence. Moreover, a few specimens of German red deer, not more than 500 years old, can be found in Continental collections, and their measurements are very little under those of the wapiti. Indeed, there are at the present moment stags alive in Asia Minor, the Caucasus and the Carpathians which run even the wapiti close. But, taken as a whole, the European stag has undoubtedly degenerated, and is degenerating. The process, though it has been most rapid during the past two centuries, began early, for it may be recalled how Ulysses when some 4,000 years ago he first reached Circe's Isle went stealthily ashore to spy out the land alone. Homer tells how he came on a tall stag asleep in a wood and slew it with a javelin as it lay; and, further, having tied its legs together with withy boughs, he put the carcass on his shoulders, carried it back to his companions and threw it on board his ship. Although Homer always paints Ulysses as of extraordinary strength, he nowhere suggests that his might was such as to enable him to carry a stag such as the wapiti, which two strong men of the present day can hardly turn over as it lies dead before them. It is curious how history—if the Odyssey may be so called—repeats itself, for Prince Demidoff relates how in the Caucasus in 1895 or thereabouts he or his friend found a big stag asleep in a wood and slew it as it lay,

not, however, with a throwing-spear or javelin, as in Ulysses' case, but apparently with a double .303 by Mr. Purdey.

The illustrations make clear that the red deer in its migration has changed somewhat in type of horn; in the Scotch example the



RED DEER, WAPITI AND BARASINGH HEADS.  
Showing the effect of change of environment.

top tines form a cup and the bey tines have altogether disappeared. On the wapiti the three top tines grow in the same plane—like the fingers on one's hand—but without cupping, while the bey tine, ordinarily the longer, has become shorter than the brow tine. In the wapiti, too, there is a great tendency to palmation, a thing unheard of in Scotland.

Reverting to the remark made earlier, to the effect that a bigger Scotch head than that illustrated could easily have been found, this is undoubtedly correct, but that shown is typical of the north-west coast of Scotland, indeed, it is rather above the average for that part. It was only a season or two back that I found him and a big seven-pointer with an ugly unsymmetrical head feeding with a lot of hinds. We easily got up to within 150yds. or so of the lot; the stalker wanted me to take this ten-pointer in preference to the big seven-pointer, while I, new to the little deer of Ross-shire, was for letting him go altogether as not being worth a shot, but the stalker, with tears in his eyes, assured me it was a very good stag for that part of the world, which is true, so we compromised by my being allowed to take the seven-pointer with the right barrel and the ten-pointer with the left. By great good luck both shots came off.

According to my judgment there can be no doubt that the Scotch type of horns is much more beautiful than the wapiti type; and it will, therefore, be very interesting to watch how environment will affect the New Zealand stag. At present there is what, I believe, is called "a bit of a mix-up" out there, for all sorts and kinds of red deer from all parts of the world have been turned out. There are perhaps too many New Zealand heads of the "big park stag" type, viz., short, thick, heavy



THE THREE TYPES IN PROFILE.

antlers with innumerable excrescences, miscalled points, and rather putting one in mind of an ill-furled gamp with the handle broken off short. But I have seen one or two New Zealand heads of upwards of 40 ins. long with twelve tines as regular and picturesque as the head of a Carpathian or Caucasus stag and of much the same character. And if you want to see what a good Carpathian stag is like, look at the illustrations in Buxton's "Short Stalks," better still, go and see Mr. St. George Littledale's wonderful specimens from the Caucasus, some of them with brow tines over 20 ins. long and thicker than the main branch of the Ross-shire antlers here illustrated. The late Mr. Walter Winans used to say that no one could predict the results of crossing

the different breeds of red deer and that so great were the effects of climate and surroundings that over here it was impossible to keep the wapiti type pure for even three generations. He instanced the fact of pure bred wapiti developing cupping tendencies in the third generation. What type, I would ask, is the New Zealand Government aiming at? That is a question of great interest to sportsmen all the world over. W.

[An article accompanied by photographs has just been received from the country named, and an endeavour will be made to find it an early place in our columns.—Ed.]

## A MONOGRAPH OF THE PHEASANTS

THE second volume of Mr. (or does he prefer to be referred to as Captain? for as such he "did his bit" in the American Army during the Great War) William Beebe's "Monograph of the Pheasants" (Witherby) is at last to hand. The review of the first volume appeared in COUNTRY LIFE as long ago as August 31st, 1918, and the delay in the publication of the present volume is due to the manuscript having been lost owing to the fact that the schooner in which it was sent from British Guiana was sunk in a storm. Such a catastrophe calls for commiseration with the author and all concerned, though it is possible (as is shrewdly suspected of Carlyle's "French Revolution," the manuscript of which was burned by Froude's servant and which Carlyle bravely re-wrote) that we have before us a better considered work than was originally planned.

This volume contains the kaleege pheasants (*Gennæus*) with nine forms, crestless firebacks (*Acomus*) with two forms, crested firebacks (*Lophura*) with three forms, white-tailed wattled pheasant (*Lobiophasis*) with one form, and the jungle fowl (*Gallus*) with four forms. The author has contributed twenty-four illustrations, mainly of typical haunts of the species described, and five diagrammatic maps are given to show the distribution of the various pheasants dealt with in this volume, which runs to 269 pages. The work, in addition to these illustrations, is embellished with twenty-four coloured plates, of which nineteen are by Mr. G. E. Lodge, three by Mr. H. Grönvold and two by Mr. C. R. Knight. These plates are, perhaps, not all so pleasing as those in the first volume, but this may be due to the fact that the species therein described lend themselves more readily to striking colour schemes; the pictures, however, now given of the Malayan crested fireback (Plate xxxvii), the Javan jungle fowl (Plate xlv) and the white-crested kaleege (Plate xxi) are certainly noteworthy. It is to be regretted that the scale to which each plate is drawn has not been indicated, and it would almost seem worth while to devote a page in the last volume on which this information might usefully be given in tabular form.

When reviewing the first volume of the "Monograph" a recognised authority wrote: "The skill and patience which Captain Beebe shows as a field naturalist and observer; and the care which he has taken to select and quote from the existing accounts of the habits and life history of the pheasant make his book an almost unique model for future monographers." This is high praise indeed, of which the volume now under review is no less worthy. It is difficult to select any particular portion of the book for especial comment, but perhaps one of the most remarkable features is the interesting manner in which Mr. Beebe deals with the extraordinary hybrids of the silver pheasant. His recognition of the work of his forerunners in this particular branch of study is most gratifying, and it seems almost hypercritical to complain that, in spite of his undeniably laborious research, there should be some references omitted.

The author's power of graphic description has already been acknowledged. Mr. Beebe has a style of his own, and this will be gathered from the quotations printed below. Writing of his camp in the Himalayas near the feeding-ground of the white-crested kaleege, he says:

Most fragrant and evident to this dulled sense of ours were the spicy perfumes of the trees themselves. Who can describe these, or who, in the case of the spruce, needs to? It was the same bracing, keen-cut scent that greets one in the Canadian wilderness; that crosses the bow of one's sampan in the rivers of Eastern China; that soothes one to sleep in the Rockies, or that is borne on the velvet breeze from a Florida "hummock." The silver fir sent down this Himalayan valley a strong, resinous odour, as penetrating as the points of its blue-green needles, while the fragrance of the spruce was fully as aromatic, but less pungent. One could call it almost sweet, were it not for the perfume of the real flowers. The deodar—tree of God—had a fainter fragrance, but none the less spicy and resinous.

Those of us who have read and enjoyed Mr. Beebe's book "Jungle Peace" will have learned to recognise his treatment of details which pass unnoticed by the ordinary observer. Thus he writes:

The jungle growth brings death to our notice much more often than life. True, the new shoots are here, there, everywhere; but they grow quietly, and their drooping leaves are not conspicuous. But on every shrub, or vine, or tree, hang dead or dying leaves. Thousands are barely attached, ready at the next breath of air to fall. The commonest sound in the jungle—either in a wind or in a dead calm—is the flick, flick, of falling leaves, the sharper crack

and thud of fruit or twigs, and now and then the long-drawn-out crash of a tree itself.

As regards Mr. Beebe's classification of species it is not surprising that, in these days of divergent opinion as to what constitute species and sub-species, he should not see eye to eye with Mr. E. C. Stuart Baker, whose articles on the "Game Birds of India" have been appearing in "The Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society" since June, 1910; but "who shall decide when doctors disagree." Mr. Beebe emphatically states that "there is no doubt that the red jungle fowl alone is the direct ancestor of all our domestic poultry." Mr. Baker, however, writes that this species "is generally accepted as the original ancestor of the domestic fowl, but there is really nothing to prove this beyond the fact that the wild red jungle fowl is extremely close in appearance to the domestic bird of the game-cock strain. . . . Remains of extinct and fossil birds placed in the genus *Gallus* have been found in many countries in Europe and also in New Zealand, which date back to the Pliocene and Pleistocene periods, and the most that can be said concerning the origin of the domestic fowl is that it is probable that its immediate ancestor may have been something like the red jungle fowl."

Many are the tales of discomfort, not to say adventure, which the author is personally able to tell, and to appreciate his difficulties a thorough perusal of his book is necessary. Some species of pheasants have never been seen alive by a white man, and we are reminded that the Hainan silver kaleege (*Gennæus Whiteheadi*) is so named after John Whitehead, an English collector, who, in 1899, died a solitary death in the island of Hainan less than eight weeks after discovering the species; since that time only Japanese collectors have taken the bird. None but the natives have ever observed or captured Swinhoe's kaleege, and there is no record of the nest and eggs of this bird having been found in a wild state. The Nepal kaleege has never been seen by a white man in its native haunts, for it is confined to the southern part of Nepal, where no Caucasian is admitted.

The author pursues his subject closely, and thus when dealing with the jungle fowl he points out that cock-fighting has been carried on through much of the historical period and that the literature of nations contains many interesting accounts of this sport. The extracts which he quotes from an Indian treatise on the subject bear a curiously close resemblance to the advice given in "The Gentleman's Companion" of 200 years ago, when dealing "of the Fighting Cock." An interesting account is given of the hybrids between Javan jungle fowl and domestic fowl which are bred for the purpose of crowing contests. These hybrids appear to be great favourites with the Javanese, who keep them on triangle perches or in cages. Mr. Beebe tells us that:

The dominant character of these birds is the voice, which lacks cadence or definiteness, but consists of a scream which must carry for at least a mile. This is the stimulus to much betting, and owners of powerful-lunged birds often make large wagers on the vocal powers of the rivals. The hybrid jungle fowls are sometimes valued as high as six hundred gulden (£50). The chiefs and wealthy natives erect a very tall bamboo pole in the compound with a primitive sort of pulley near the top. The fowl in its basket is attached to a rope and pulled up, high above all the surrounding trees, to remain throughout the day, sending forth at frequent intervals its loud, piercing scream. It begins its call even while the basket is whirling around on its jerky ascent.

These contests bear a resemblance to the singing matches between canaries or finches which are not unknown to British fanciers.

Of all curious breeds of domestic fowl, none are more remarkable than the Japanese birds, whose upper tail-coverts sometimes reach a length of over twenty feet. The feathers are kept wrapped in soft paper, and the birds themselves spend a most uninteresting life in a high, narrow box, fed by hand and cared for by special attendants.

From a sporting point of view the species described in this volume are of but little importance. Hybrids which I bred in Scotland between the Chinese silver kaleege and the common ring-necked pheasant proved far more active runners than flyers, but, curiously enough, one of the tallest rocketing shots that I ever remember to have achieved was at a grey jungle fowl cock which I killed in Hyderabad in 1905. When writing of the Chinese silver kaleege it may be pointed out, for the sake of accuracy, that it was as long ago as 1738 (not 1740) that Eleazar Albin gave a plate and a quaint description (page 35, plate 37) of this species in Vol. III of his "Natural History of Birds."

H. S. G.



## SOME MORE OF MR. BENSON'S ETCHINGS

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**T**HIS is not the first introduction of readers of COUNTRY LIFE to the distinguished etching work of Mr. Frank Benson. In one or two former numbers we have referred to it and given specimens of it, and have commented on it from two points of view. It has been discussed by

Mr. Campbell Dodgson, an artist who is particularly entitled to speak of the quality of the drawings as it appeals to an expert with the etching needle; and again by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who occupies his business largely in the observation of the birds and the various objects of nature which Mr. Benson loves best. Mr. Benson's own lines of life are so fortunately cast that he can both play while at his work and work while at his play. He is a lover of the birds; no one will doubt that who sees the easy accuracy with which he gets every line and curve of movement right. The difficulty of that achievement is scarcely to be realised except by one who has attempted it and has proved to his own shrewd dissatisfaction how marvellously easy it is to go wrong, and what a very tiny error at any point in the line can make a cripple or a lifeless stuffed thing of the living bird. And Mr. Benson loves his birds not only for themselves, for their interesting manners, for the beauty of form and plumage which they individually exhibit and for the long lines of decorative curve which they describe as they make their morning and evening flights, or as they take that longer, strenuous pilgrimage at vernal and autumnal migration. He loves them for all these delights to the eye that they can furnish above all other living creatures. But his delighted eye is not that of an artist only. He is a very keen sportsman, both with gun and rod, and in the former examples of his art that we showed the sportsman's appreciation was far more in evidence than his larger recognition of various kinds of birds, besides those that make quarry for the gunner, as worthy subjects of his portrayal. We had the ducks of more than one species before, and the wild geese fighting. We have some of the same character in these further etchings which he has sent us more lately, but, besides, we have others. We have that picture of the little birds, one in very acrobatic attitude, clinging to the reeds. Chicodees, Mr. Benson names them, in his native American. To us they will recall the antics of our very familiar tits, and judging them by the measure which we should apply to their criticism as tits, can we not perceive, even thus imperfectly and only analogously tested, that the pose and the poise are wonderfully expressed. It is a movement, or a moment of arrested movement, that the artist's eye has caught and has first graved on some inner sensitive

plate where he may be able to find it again, when he comes home to his study, and is sitting, etching needle in hand, before the plate to which he will transfer that impression so that it shall be taken off and shall give us the result that we have here.

So it is with all his birds; he has them moving. They have not stayed their flight for him to take them on the wing. He has got them as they flew. And I have a suspicion that the motive which led him first into that fascinating country of lakes and marshes, frequented by the wild fowl which he most loves drawing, was not purely artistic. He took an artist's soul and an artist's eye with him into those delectable solitudes, no doubt,



RIPPLING WATER.

otherwise he would not have brought back this artistic bag. But he took a gun too. I have a suspicion that he took a gun first; that it was the sportsman's zeal that carried him into those places. Once there he found, fortunately for us, in those very objects which interested him as a shooter an interest for the artistic side of his nature too. But I expect that it was not as he watched the birds, thinking, "how shall I draw that movement; what exactly was the line of the wing and neck as the bird made that turn?" that he learned the precision with which he charms us by making it look so easy, but, rather, as he watched, wondering, "will that lot of ducks, or geese, or that solitary widgeon come within shot; are they in range now; shall I risk a shot," or, as they rose from the mere, "shall I have a





WIDE MARSHES.

go at this lot or wait for that bigger bunch swimming a little farther on?" I think it was as he gazed at them thus, with no keenly conscious thought about the mechanics and adjustment of their flight and movements, that the right lines to indicate these adjustments became graven, without his knowing it, somewhere within his brain, whence he found—and what a pure joy the finding must have been!—that he could evoke them later at his will.

Mr. Benson's life and good fortune of opportunity appear ideal. His home is in Salem, a small city on the Massachusetts coast, which has perhaps more of an old-time look than any other in the United States. He might, if he would, find admirable subjects for his graving there, in the lines and rigging and all the paraphernalia of coast-wise shipping. But his heart, when set on holiday, calls him elsewhere and into country very different. Some chosen spirits have formed themselves into a club and have acquired a great extent of wild land and water on the north shore of Lake Erie. They are nature lovers, bird lovers, fish lovers, followers of the angler's craft and of the less gentle art of the gun. This happy hunting ground is so large, and a gun is so rarely fired upon it, that it becomes virtually a sanctuary whither the fowl resort in legions incredible to us who know no more than the little flocks which come to our islands. There Mr. Benson sometimes pitches his camp, for angling or for shooting, according to season, and as he shoots or angles he is, whether he will or no, taking his observations of bird life and of nature, which he brings home stored in his head, to be drawn upon at home. That is what I meant to indicate when I wrote that his play is his work: all the while that his conscious brain is set on the shooting problem, which is its play, subconsciously it is at its work recording pictures.

His etching of the flying fowl and his treatment of the birds perching and sporting among the reeds must remind us of the art of Japan in the cleanness and certainty of its line, though the delicate Japanese line is traced presumably with a finely pointed brush and not with the needle. But again his etchings have qualities which remind us of a more robust art, the art of Rembrandt with the graver's needle. Mr. Benson often gives us a dark cloud scape or a shaded mass of foliage or the deep



WIDGEON RISING.



BIRDS IN BUSHES.

line of a bay's curve with a force that is really Rembrandtesque, throwing up the lights of his drawing into brilliant relief. And he knows how to get the full effect out of horizontal lines suggesting a distant edge between shore and water.

It is all too rarely that Mr. Benson deals with the human figure. When he does his treatment is so effective and so sympathetic that one has to wonder why the satisfaction that it must surely give him does not persuade him to more successes in the same kind. In the set of drawings reproduced with this article there is but one that shows the human figure, but how charming and convincing the figures are. Among the illustrations to an earlier article (Aug. 7th, 1920, page 165), was one of a gunner returning from his sport. The man was weary, very weary—one could not mistake that. He trudged heavily, in high boots, through marshland; the dusk was gathering about him. But though tired, he was not broken. He was the happy warrior, though weary, for he carried in his hand some trophies of his success in the form of dangling ducks. There was gratification as well as weariness in his pose, and there was hope. You felt that this man, dog-tired now and looking forward only to the immediate blessings of his supper and his bed, would be out again full of keenness on the morrow. If we may venture on a very large liberty, we would suggest to Mr. Benson that he might occupy his needle with the country folk. He seems to have that rare ability which Millet in a different medium exhibited so extraordinarily, the power of making his peasants pathetic without making them sentimental. To analyse, in words, how it is done is a glaring impossibility, even as it is impossible to say exactly how, by what line, turned in what manner, at what angle, Mr. Benson conveys to us that his gunner though tired is happy. To each art its

secret and its mode of expression. But if he can do so much with the gunner, we believe that he could do yet more with the labourer, because the labourer gives more for him to express.

And now for another hint—since we have set foot in that debatable country where the fool rushes gladly in advance of hesitating angels. Looking again at the wonderful art of Japan in bird portrayal we see often a bold foreground figure, a pheasant, maybe, a fine male bird. He is the centre and all is in subordination to him, with nothing allowed to take the eye from doing him full honour. But when that is duly paid we find a background of tree branch and foliage delicately rendered, and upon it and in and among it—what is that? Is it a bird? We ask and are not sure, and then look again and ascertain that, yes, it surely is a bird; it is a hen-pheasant, wife and complement of that splendid central figure, scarcely to be seen, so modestly is she massed against the foliage, but unmistakable of form and light and shade now that we do see her. It is a real triumph, for it is just thus that we ask of the blend of foliage and bird in nature—is it a bird? And it is an added joy to realise that art can convey to us a suggestion so subtle as this. Now all this the Jap does with his finely pointed brush. Is suggestion of the same kind possible with the etcher's needle? That is the question that we make bold to put to Mr. Benson. If it can be done, it surely is worth the doing; and if it can be done, Mr. Benson surely can do it. Mr. Campbell Dodgson gave

praise so liberal to his ability as an etcher that the note could scarcely be pitched higher; therefore, though knowing ever so little of the etcher's art, we may have confidence in Mr. Benson's power to execute this if it falls within his art's scope, and, knowing so little, we know no reason why it should not.



EARLY GUNMEN.

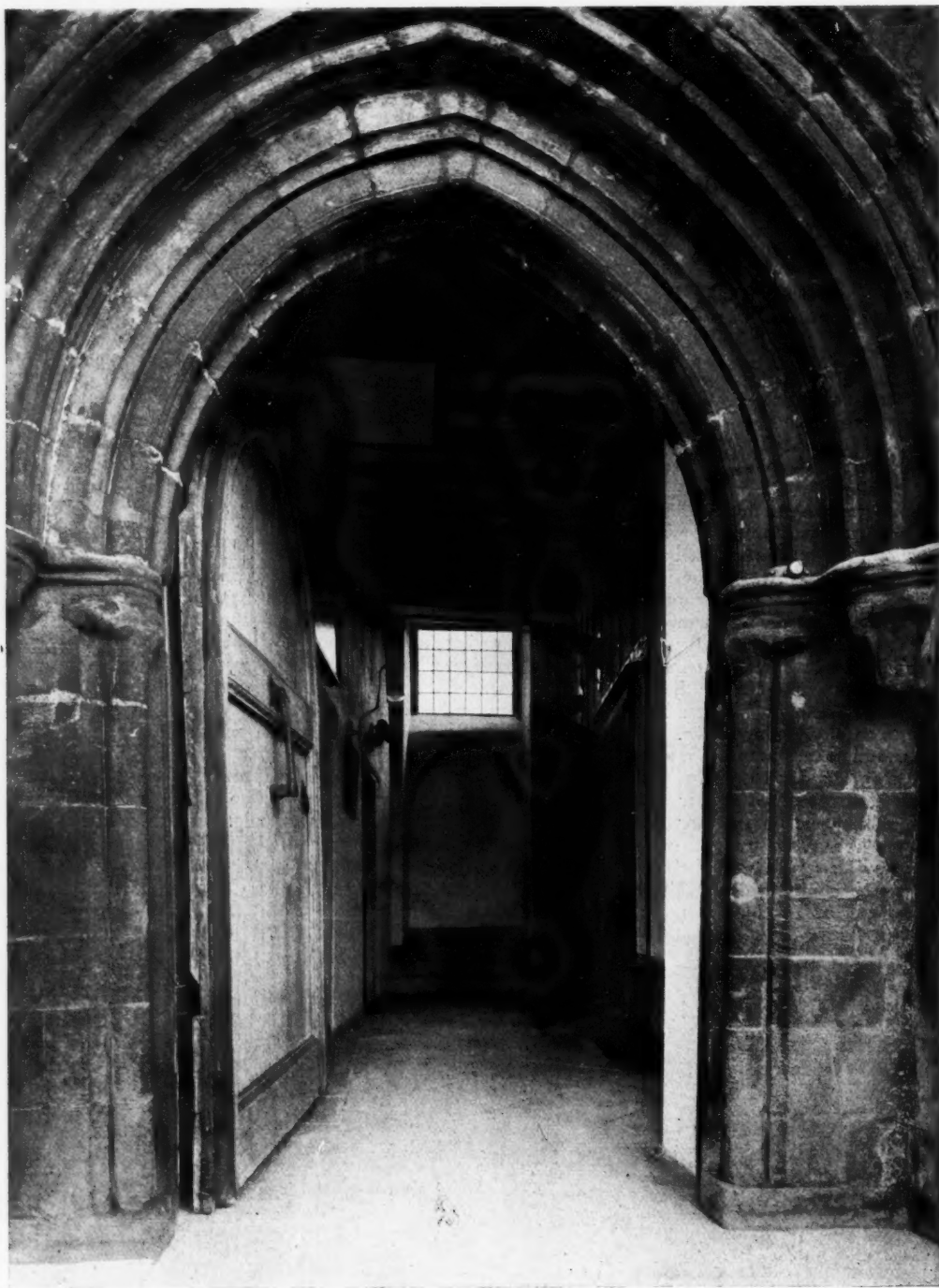




SIR LEWIS WATSON was twice married. His first wife died in 1610, when her baby was born, the child living but a few days. Ten years later he married Eleanor, daughter of Sir George Manners and sister to the Earl of Rutland. By her he had eight children, a large family according to modern ideas, but quite moderate

in those days. His brother-in-law, the Earl of Rutland, was a strong Parliamentarian; so was the branch of the Montagus represented by the Earl of Manchester; so also were Sir Lewis's cousins, the Brookes of Great Oakley. Sir Lewis himself, according to Mr. Charles Wise, whose exhaustive history of "Rockingham Castle and the Watsons" is the principal source

of information concerning the family, was at heart a Royalist, and it was in trying to temporise between the two parties that he came to grief. He was regarded with suspicion by both sides. After the battle of Edgehill in October, 1642, the Royalist cause in Northamptonshire prospered for a time, and Sir Lewis prepared to receive a Royalist garrison in Rockingham Castle, but not without some trepidation, for he sent all his plate and other valuables to his brother-in-law at Belvoir Castle for safe custody. The safety of Belvoir, however, was illusory, and it was almost immediately captured by the Royalists. What happened to the plate was never known, but it is to be feared that the most careful search of the plate-chests at Belvoir would reveal nothing of Sir Lewis's treasures. His precautions were not only fruitless, but, so far as their originating cause went, they were premature, for the Royal garrison never came. On the contrary, in March, 1643, Rockingham Castle was seized for the Parliament by Lord Grey of Groby, and with the castle the person of its owner, who was conveyed to his brother's house at Stoke Albany near by. But fortune sometimes changed in those days with exciting rapidity, and two months later both he and his brother were retaken by the Royalists. Not much



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1.—THE ENTRY DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE DINING HALL.

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to their comfort, however, for he was detained a prisoner on the charge of having made no real attempt to hold Rockingham for the King. Thus, obnoxious to both sides, his plight must have been dolorous—good, easy man. That he was of amiable, but not strenuous disposition may be inferred from his portrait. Nevertheless, in the matter of re-establishing his credit with the King he does seem to have been strenuous, and eventually he succeeded, and succeeded so well that, perhaps as a solatium to his wounded feelings, he was created in January, 1644, Baron Rockingham.

As it is the history of the house which is at present the main theme, it is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of the new baron in detail. He appears to have returned to Rockingham, where he found a scene of sad desolation. The castle had suffered and the church had been practically destroyed. In the castle grounds the Parliamentary forces had converted the mound of the keep into a fort manned with several large guns. An interesting plan showing their disposition and the methods of fortification is given in Mr. Wise's book. Sir Lewis, or, rather, Baron Rockingham, died in January, 1653, and was

With the second baron the architectural work of ancient interest may be said to have come to an end. There is nothing notable to mark the course of the eighteenth century, but many small changes were made in the pursuit of comfort and convenience. The nineteenth century saw the erection of Salvin's excellent tower on the west front (Part I, Fig. 9), and the twentieth has seen the judicious renovations of the present owner in the hall and library.

But, although there is little more to be said about the house before we go inside, a few more words are worth saying about the family in order to make clear its connection with the best known bearer of the title of Rockingham and to trace the descent of the present owner, the Rev. Wentworth Watson. Incidentally, the monuments in the church will come into the story.

The second Baron Rockingham took to wife Anne, daughter of Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford, whose figure, at once fascinating and repellant, stands out so largely in the strife between Charles I and his Parliament. Two only of the children of this marriage need be mentioned—Lewis, who succeeded to the title and estates, and was created first Earl of



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3—MANTELPIECE IN THE PANELLLED ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

buried in Rockingham Church, where his only record is an entry in the parish register.

To him succeeded his son Edward, the second baron, who continued the building work of his predecessors. The most obvious records of his activity are found in the charming structure which lies to the north of the entrance gateway (Part I, Figs. 7 and 8) known as Walker's house, after a steward who once lived there; and a somewhat similar building at the back of the house and just at the foot of the great mound, now used as a laundry (Part I, Fig. 10). The latter is dated in the gable 1669, while the heads of the rainwater spouts on Walker's house are dated 1665. The general appearance of both these buildings might well suggest an earlier date, but in one case the date stone is built in the wall and in the other, although the dated water spout might have been added later, yet the close proximity in point of time between the two dates and the similarity in the detail of the stonework tend to the conclusion that they are contemporaneous. The hipped roof of Walker's house is certainly a late touch. The only internal feature of interest is the staircase of the latter building, which has newels with very pleasing and uncommon finials.

Rockingham, and his third brother, Thomas, of whom hereafter. Lewis, the first earl, married Catherine, daughter of Sir George Sondes, of Lees Court in Kent, and, in addition to his Rockingham titles, received that of Viscount Sondes. He died in 1724, and is commemorated in the church by one of its largest monuments (Fig. 10), erected on the south wall of the chancel. Immediately opposite, on the north wall, is the memorial to his mother, who died in January, 1696 (Fig. 8). The eldest son of Lewis, first earl, died before his father, so the eldest grandson succeeded as second earl, and he, dying childless, was succeeded by his brother, the third earl; but as he also left no family, the earldom of Rockingham became extinct in the year 1745. This fact must be borne in mind if confusion is to be avoided.

Meanwhile Thomas Watson, the third brother of Lewis, the first earl, had married, and had inherited from his uncle William, second Earl of Strafford (to whom his father's honours had been restored), all his vast wealth, and the uncle being childless, the condition was imposed upon Thomas Watson that he should assume the name of Wentworth; accordingly he became Watson-Wentworth. His elder son, Thomas, achieved a





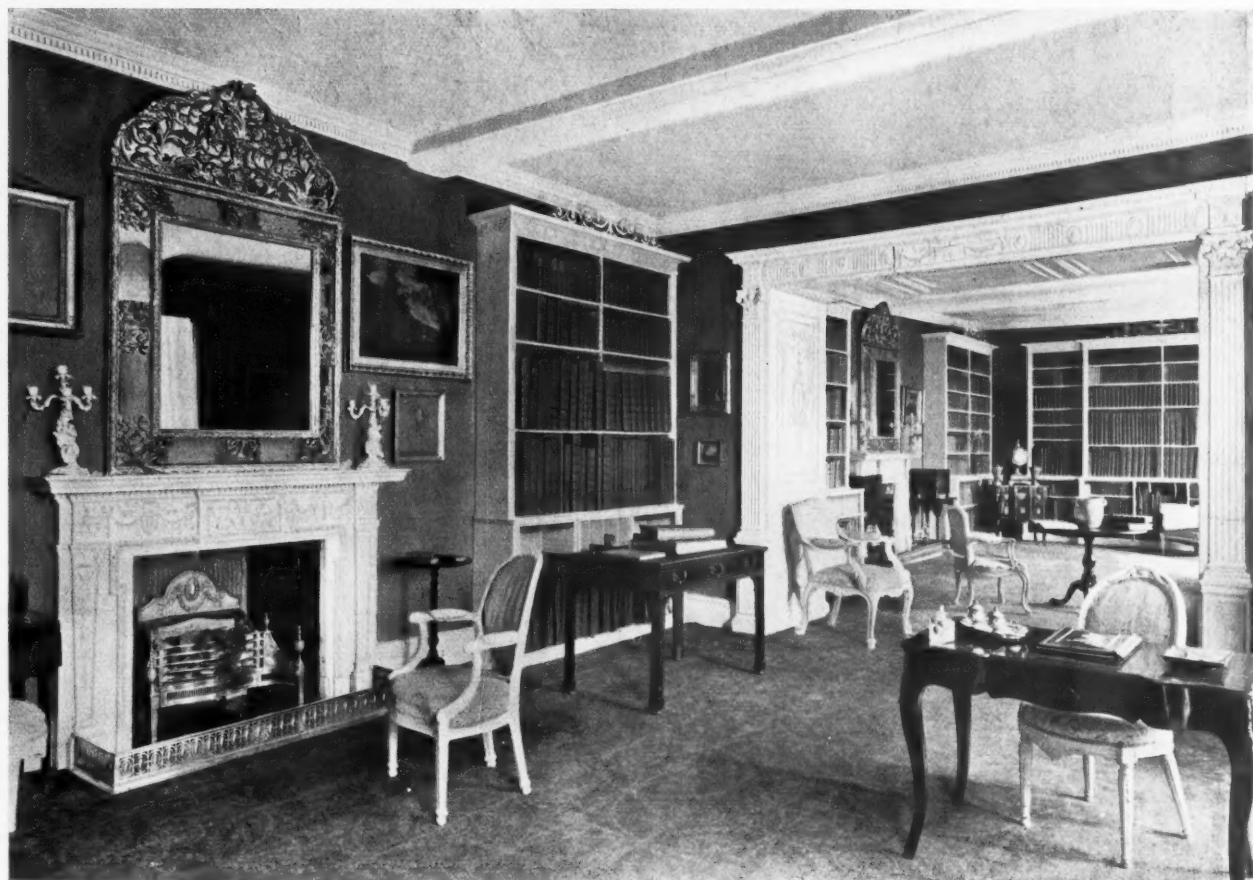
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4.—THE PANELLED ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

series of honours, being created successively between 1728 and 1746 Baron Malton, Earl of Malton, Viscount Higham of Higham Ferrers, and Baron Wath of Harrowden, Baron Rockingham and Marquess of Rockingham. It was while he was still Earl of Malton, in the year 1740, that he built the great house of Wentworth Woodhouse in Yorkshire, which passed with his daughter to the Fitzwilliam family. It was in 1746, about a year after the death of the third Earl of Rockingham,

as mentioned above, that his kinsman, Thomas Watson-Wentworth, became Marquess of Rockingham. But, although he took his title from the home of his ancestors, he had no interest in the property or the castle. Upon his death he was succeeded by his son Charles, second Marquess of Rockingham, well known to history as being on two occasions at the head of the administration during the troubles with our American colonies. He died without heirs in 1782, and thus the Marquisate



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5.—THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—FRENCH COMMODOE. Circa 1760.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



of Rockingham also became extinct. It may be of interest to collectors of china who are not already aware of the fact to know that Rockingham china was named after him, being made on his estate of Swinton in Yorkshire. It had even less connection with the Rockingham of Northamptonshire than had the Marquess himself.

The direct male line of the Watsons having ended with the third earl, the enquirer has to go back on his steps to Margaret, daughter of the first earl, and, therefore, aunt of the last. She married Sir John Monson, first Baron Monson, and to her second son, Lewis Monson, the third earl bequeathed his estates on condition that he took the name of Watson, which he did accordingly and became Monson-Watson. He was subsequently created Baron Sondes of Lees Court. He married Grace, a daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, whose portrait is illustrated in Fig. 11. She is described on her monument as the best of wives,



8.—MEMORIAL OF ANNE, WIFE OF EDWARD, SECOND BARON ROCKINGHAM AND DAUGHTER OF THOMAS WENTWORTH, FIRST EARL OF STRAFFORD.

the best of mothers, the best of women, a description which, even after the infusion of family affection has been extracted, leaves her a singularly amiable character. The first Baron Sondes was succeeded by his eldest son, Lewis Thomas, who married Elizabeth Milles, whose portrait is given in Fig. 13, and he, in his turn, was followed by his son Lewis Richard, third Baron Sondes, who died unmarried. Thereupon came into force a family arrangement which accounts for the disappearance of the title of Baron Sondes from the annals of Rockingham. The Kentish and Norfolk estates went, along with the title, to the next brother, while the Northamptonshire estates passed to the third brother, the Hon. the Rev. Henry Watson. He dying unmarried, Rockingham Castle devolved upon his younger brother, the Hon. Richard Watson, a well known figure in the county some sixty or seventy years



9.—THE MORTUARY CHAPEL IN ROCKINGHAM CHURCH.

The altar tomb combines parts of two monuments destroyed during the Civil War. The large mural monument is to Margaret Watson, daughter of Edward, second Baron Rockingham. She died in 1714.



10.—TOMB OF LEWIS, FIRST EARL OF ROCKINGHAM, DIED 1724.



11.—GRACE, DAUGHTER OF THE RIGHT HON. H. PELHAM, WIFE OF LOUIS, FIRST LORD SONDES. BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.



12.—CHILDREN OF THE FIRST BARON SONDES AND GRACE PELHAM HIS WIFE. BY ZOFFANY.



ago. To him succeeded his sons, George Lewis Watson and (eventually) the Rev. Wentworth Watson, the present possessor. The descent is rather complicated, but it is continuous and affords one of the examples, now getting ever more rare, of how a notable house has remained in the same family for many generations.

The interior of the house has suffered, so far as its ancient decorations are concerned, from the changes inherent in maintaining the comfort of a home, and now exhibits no great amount of architectural interest; but, on the other hand, it is both commodious and comfortable. The entrance door (Fig. 1) is a remnant of the thirteenth century work, and leads, in the accustomed fashion, into a passage called the "screens," at the further end of which a second door led into an outside courtyard. In this case the second door has been built up, but its stone frame is yet visible. To the right of the passage, still following ancient precedent, lies the hall; to the left the kitchen and its dependencies, which must occupy the same general, if not exact, position as their predecessors of remote times. The hall itself (Fig. 2) owes its present appearance to recent renovations, which include the panelling, brought from other parts of the house (chiefly from Walker's house), and the rehabilitation of the old open fireplace, which has a curious little cupboard in connection with it, such as is occasionally found in similar situations. But, although the aspect of the room is of modern creation, its space and its construction are due to the grave Edward Watson who first came to Rockingham. The serious bent of his mind is shown in the legends carved on the ceiling beams: "The House shall be preserved and never will decaye Wheare the Almighty God is honored and served daye by daye. 1579." The author of the rhyme seems to have been more careful of his meaning than his metre. Preserved in the hall and just visible to the extreme left and right of the illustration (Fig. 2) are two fine coffer or chests. One, all iron-bound and secured with large and complicated locks, is attributed to the time of King John, whose connection with the castle is so easily remembered by the quantity of wine he sent thither. The other chest is of fifteenth century date and decorated with the Royal arms of England and those of the city of Nuremberg. Among relics of a later time is a huge black-jack bearing the date 1646 and the initials of the King, C. R.

Separated from the upper end of the hall by a later passage is the Panelled Room, until recently the dining-room, which was doubtless the original solar or retiring room of the lord. In two of its corners can be seen the jambs of the Gothic windows (Figs. 3 and 4) and two others, so dilapidated as to be unsuitable for display, are covered by the panelling. This panelling is of the seventeenth century, but it was restored and slightly altered in the eighteenth, when, no doubt, it received its covering of graining and its unhappy yellowish tinge. It carries interesting heraldry in some of its panels. Over the fireplace are the arms of Watson amid elaborate mantling and foliage. There are twenty-one other shields recording, many of them, alliances of the Watsons, and others, presumably, friends of the family, since there is no other obvious reason for their presence. Among those connected with marriages in the family are Brooke, Montagu, Wentworth, Dudley of Clopton, Smith, Digby and Monson. All of these, save, possibly, Wentworth and certainly Monson, could have been recorded as past events at the time when the panelling was framed together. The later alliances may have been introduced when the alterations were made in the eighteenth century. The most elaborate shield is that of Lane of Horton impaling Parr of Horton with eleven quarterings. The Parr quarterings appear to have been highly prized, as Sir Thomas Tresham, among others, bore them in his achievement displayed on his book-plate; but, although interesting to the student of heraldry, their elaboration would be beside the mark on the present occasion.



13.—MARY ELIZABETH MILLES, WIFE OF SECOND BARON SONDES, GRAND-MOTHER OF THE REV. WENTWORTH WATSON. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



14.—PHILIP HERBERT, EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY. BY VAN DYCK.

The library (Fig. 5) is a pleasant room looking out westwards on to the lawns. It was formerly two rooms, and has been recently altered and decorated. Over the ground floor of the wing built by Edward Watson in 1553 and rebuilt by Sir Lewis in 1631 is the Long Gallery (Fig. 6), constructed, probably, by the latter in accordance with the fashion of the time. It retains, however, nothing of its original semblance except its length, width and height; the decoration is modern save for the pictures which adorn the walls. Most of these are family portraits, some of which are here illustrated. One is of Mary Elizabeth Milles, daughter and heir of Richard Milles of North Elmham in Norfolk, and wife of the second Baron Sondes; she died in 1818. It was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The second happens not to be a close connection; it is a beautiful portrait of Philip Herbert, fifth Earl of Pembroke, by Van Dyck (Fig. 14). How it came to Rockingham is not known, but the earl married an aunt of the wife of the first Earl of Rockingham, which seems but a slender justification for the migration of the picture from Wilton hither. The third is Grace Pelham (Fig. 11), by Angelica Kauffmann. She was the wife of the first Baron Sondes, "the best of wives," as already mentioned. She was also the mother of the three boys painted by Zoffany (Fig. 12) and placed in a landscape which has no reference to Rockingham, but might (had it been painted in a later age) have recorded some favourite holiday haunt. There

are many other family portraits, among them a fine one of the celebrated Earl of Strafford. Several of the early Watsons are there, including him of Lyddington, a venerable person with a white beard. His son also appears, he of the grave aspect and devout disposition. Likewise this son's wife, Dorothy or Dowse Montagu, whose stern and forbidding countenance may afford a clue to the gravity of her husband's demeanour. Unconnected with the family is Margaret Hughes, said to have been the first woman who acted on the English stage, women's parts having previously been played by boys.

The church, which lies just below the castle, is almost entirely modern, but it contains many striking memorials of the Watson family, the most notable of which are illustrated in Figs. 8, 9 and 10. The hillside upon which it stands stretches away beneath the castle wall, and is broken by little dells which run up to die out where they join the lawns of the garden. These lawns, the spaces of which have seen such varied and tumultuous events, the great yew hedge with its suggestions of bygone gardening, the splendid panorama over church and village and across many miles of the Welland River, the castle itself with its historic associations, none the less attractive because a little vague, all combine to render Rockingham one of the most fascinating places in a county famous for its ancient houses.

J. A. GOTCH.

## QUO VADIS EUROPA?

BEING LETTERS OF TRAVEL FROM THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE IN THE YEAR 1921.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

### IX.—FROM BERLIN (II).

**B**ERLIN is a city of reason, not a city of faith. You cannot get people to try and do the impossible there. It loves to grade itself upon the possible and do that. Hence the apathy regarding Germany's resurrection. Here all is measured and planned and square and self-poised. No buildings aspire. The golden angels and the other things which are high are perched there. Someone put them up; they did not fly so high. All the great capitals of Europe are redeemed more by their past than adorned by their present, but Berlin has no old Berlin to help her. If all that is worth while in London were built in the spirit of Downing Street and Whitehall and the Nurse Cavell statue, it might be said that London was not unlike Berlin.

Clearly two ideas have tried to express themselves in Germany's capital; one is modern commerce, and the other, and more characteristic, is military glory. The commercial houses are naturally much the same as in the rest of Europe, gloomily utilitarian. The military in stone, however, is neither ornamental nor useful. Strange that the Kaiser, who was reputed to have taste and judgment, should not have felt how excruciatingly unspiritual and truly uninspiring the glory-statuary and architecture was. The Germany army was one of the greatest military organisations the world has seen, and it was in 1914 a potential terror to every nation in Europe, but its reflection in art was ugly. The Victory column, the statues of Germany's heroes, the appalling queue of stone groups each side of the Sieges Allee, all show up now like a spiritual X-ray photograph of Prussia.

It may seem ungenerous to taunt someone who is down, after the event, but I did not see the Alley of Victory before 1914, and it came as a shock. Despite the loathsome details of the war, there are many ex-enemies of Germany who have kept in their hearts an altar of admiration for German arms. An idea of Teutonic chivalry lurked somewhere in the imagination. But you can realise in Berlin from the militarist's self-confession in art that there is no idealism there. How the Kaiser could go out day after day and confront these low conceptions of patriotism and of Germany and not order them to be swept away explains in great part how it was Germany made such a blunder as to go to war the way she did. One advantage of a revolution in Germany might be to sweep away these sad and unworthy tokens of the past.

It was in this avenue of Victory that old Hindenburg's wooden statue was set up and the populace struck nails into it to boost war charity. It became so ugly that it was hidden away at last, and, despite the Field-Marshal's great popularity, has lately been broken up and destroyed. That was really worth keeping, and ought to have found a place in a war museum. But it did not flatter—so it had to go.

Hindenburg is the greatest hero in Germany, and all the children idolise him. Whatever he puts his name to goes. He and a popular pastor worked up a huge subscription for war waifs, and when the money had been raised it was found the waifs were already well provided for. I believe the money was appropriated to a fund for helping the indigent middle-class.

At a cabaret one night there appeared a clever impersonator. A slim, clean-shaven man entertained the people sitting at the dinner tables by rapid changes of personation. He was, in turn, everyone who had a share in the making of modern Germany. Thus he was Bismarck, and he was Karl Marx, and he was Ebert, in rapid succession. No one cheered him, and the people looked at the undistinguished figure of Ebert without enthusiasm. Presently, as one foresaw, he came to Hindenburg, and then everyone cheered and the place rocked with excitement. There was even a sprinkling of claps over to applaud his next impersonation—the late Emperor Franz Joseph. After that one waited. Would he show the Kaiser? What would happen if suddenly the familiar face of Wilhelm the Second confronted that gathering of Germans? The mimic, however, would not risk it, and his concluding make-up was not Wilhelm, but—very cleverly chosen—Frederick the Great. And everyone was at ease again.

Germany is not ready to have the Kaiser back. But, as at Athens so at Berlin, national humiliation has reacted in favour of the monarch. There is a vague feeling that the Kaiser is suffering for Germany's sake and that his exile typifies the unhappy downfall of Germany. No one thinks the Kaiser less virtuous than Lloyd George or Clemenceau. Except for the communistic movement, which naturally tends in an entirely different direction, there is a national sentimental reaction in favour of the Hohenzollerns. This was clearly focussed in the honours paid to the dead Kaiserin. Before the passing of that funeral cortège the Kaiser's portrait was rare in public places. Now it appears again and is common.

There are, nevertheless, few things in Europe more improbable than the return of the Kaiser. He might come back before he died. But it would be as the result of some strange turn of affairs in Europe. He will probably die in Holland. And then will he not come back and receive the greatest honours?

I was naturally interested in the spirit of the rising generation, those who did not have to fight, those who, perhaps, will not be conscripted to fight the next war. The boys at school are said to be completely out of touch with the sordid reality of Germany's position. Masters dare not explain her helplessness in its entirety. They are ashamed of what their generation has done with the great inheritance. Nevertheless, the children know that Germany has been beaten. They cannot know to what extent beaten. But a boy being asked what his politics were replied to a friend—"One thousand kilometres to the right of the right"—and the constant thought in their talk, in their essays, in their boyish life, is, *We will get back Strasburg.*

The mature mind regards such impulses questioningly, and looks from the romantic children to the uninspired and uninspiring monuments of 1914 Germany. What sort of a Germany will it be fifty years hence, one asks. Not the old set up again. But, if a new Germany, what will it be like and wherein will it excel?

The scenery of these years will, no doubt, be cleared away. In several ways Germany has excellence and possibilities of great service to humanity. In original research and invention, in



applied science and in science itself, in scholarship, and in social and industrial development and organisation the German has shown himself to be a pioneer. In these pacific domains Germany was in happy rivalry for the leadership of the world. In several of them Germany actually was leader. It is very unfortunate that the war should continue to strike at these. And it would be idle to deny that those Germans whose work serves humanity as a whole have in any way escaped the crippling effect of the downfall of the State. In fact, the educated people have been hit most and are most threatened.

Moreover, the atmosphere of Germany in these days is not creative. A black finger is pointing menacingly from the sky. The enormity of the punishment which Fate threatens is incredibly great and yet it keeps threatening. It is perpetually—

The ideo of March are come  
Aye Caesar, but not gone.

The first of May has come, the thirteenth of May has come, and so forth. The lime trees are arrayed in tender green and anon blossom along the length of the Unter den Linden, but it is not Germany's new summer, and it has that irrelevance which the murderer remarks when he is being led some beautiful spring morning to the scaffold to be killed. It is a fine morning, but not for him.

It is only too natural for the educated man to look out morbidly from the eye gate of the soul. Thus R., whose great work on Central Asia was published gratis by some learned society in England before the war, says, "I will renounce my German nationality and become English as soon as your Home Office will let me. Germany is going to be no place for men of brains." Thus the famous theologian Harnack, having completed his latest work, speaks of circulating it only in manuscript, as he is in no position to have it printed. Thus Z., the chemist and metallurgist, has taken his laboratory and his assistants to Switzerland to escape the spiritual paralysis which has overtaken his native land.

Doubtless this black will-to-nothing is reflected in many lives in Germany and in many spheres of activity. Nietzsche anticipated it, though, of course, he did not ask for Germany the psychology of one who has been beaten, the evil, resentful frame of mind. This latter is strongly exemplified on the serious stage, where you can see classical drama presented, not serenely and universally, but tinged and circumstanced by Germany's downfall—the what-does-it-matter-that-Sophocles-was-great-if-Germany-is-no-more point of view.

"Richard III," at the State Opera House, was a strange performance. It was about the time of the Shakespeare Day celebration which Germany keeps once a year. All the newspapers devoted articles to Shakespeare, and one felt truly that a great master of words and of men was more honoured in enemy Germany than in the land of his birth. And that should have been good for Germany; Shakespeare is universal and it takes the universal to cleanse the national. As a German philosopher has said, "it needs an ocean to receive such a muddy stream as man."

"Richard III," however, showed what the war-spirit can make of Shakespeare. It was interpreted in the pedantic historical vein, and was given as a bloody, brutal mediæval piece without a thought or a smile or a tear. Richard was shown as a "Hun" of the worst kind. His murderous career was facilitated by his characterless victims. Anne was a "characteristic English hypocrite," pretending to mourn her husband and yet quite ready to marry Gloster, as the average Englishwoman would if the proposal were made. Clarence had no poetry in his soul and was not even allowed to touch you by his dream in the Tower. Richard said his conscience-stricken, soul-torturing speech—Richard loves Richard, that is I am I—in a matter-of-fact way. It is a great tragic note in Shakespeare, but in Berlin it was quite a playful matter. Just as the murderers played at murdering Clarence, so Richard joked with himself over "Is there a murderer here—Yes, I am!"

The only way to explain such a "Richard III" to the audience was to suggest that is the sort of people the English are—thank their God for their humility, while in reality they stick at nothing to gain their private ends and are not troubled with conscience.

This production was entirely modern in its presentment. There was a remarkable simplification of scenery. This was perhaps due to the new poverty of Berlin. But it comprised merely a wall, a hole in the wall called the Tower of London, a platform on top of the wall called Tower Hill, carpeted stairs against the wall called the Court at Westminster. Clarence mopes in the hole with one electric light—his butt of Malmsey wine is even out of view. Richard appears between the two archbishops on the top of the wall, and finally he fights the battle of Bosworth Field up and down the carpeted stairs. Indeed, he suddenly appears at the top of the stairs, naked to his middle and carrying his crown in his hand, while he shouts, "Mein Königsreich für ein pferd! (My kingdom for a horse!)" This last was deservedly hissed by the audience as a palpable absurdity being foisted on the half-stunned intelligentsia of Berlin.

At the Lessing theatre a little later came "Peer Gynt," that poetical drama of the Teuton's destiny—much better done because really nearer to the German soul than Shakespeare. Solveig had faith, though it was not quite certain that she was

the sort of woman to whom one *had* to return. Peer's romantic return to his mother was, however, much stressed, as in the Grieg music. The sentimental idea that "Peer had women behind him and, therefore, could not perish," appealed strongly to the German mood, though the application of the button-moulder idea to the plight of Germany just now appeared to have been missed. Peer ought to have been a shining button on the vest of the Lord, but has missed his chance and now is to be melted down with other buttons into something else—into a Polish button, a Czech button, an Alsatian button. There was much scope for meditation looking at "Peer Gynt" at Berlin in 1921.

In lighter vein the traveller finds much more to delight him in the operettas of Berlin. As at Vienna, they are much better done than classical drama. That is not a slight on the stage. The excruciating vulgarity of our musical comedies and imported operettas is entirely lacking on the Berlin and Vienna stage. They are often extremely charming and diverting, and they impart that light-heartedness which is a first condition of a healthy mind. The audience is in no sense "highbrow"; it is the general level of German humanity. It forgets and responds and is ready to sing choruses with the leaders of song and dance. Three or four evenings spent listening to operetta leave very pleasant memories, and the last of these was on the occasion of the first night of "Morgen wieder lustig!" a humorous presentation of the time when Napoleon was splitting up Germany much as the French wish to split her up now—and there was a King of Westphalia who is still memorable for that one phrase, "Morgen wieder lustig!"—"To-morrow we shall be happy again!" God grant it!

I visited Strasbourg, now outwardly Frenchified, but inwardly German enough. At the time of the commencement of the Armistice and the German retirement, *Simplissimus* published a picture of a "Farewell to Strasbourg." It was a stormy sunset and late evening, and the black silhouette of the very memorable cathedral, the stark and ragged grandeur of that cathedral and its spire, which looks as if nothing exists in Strasbourg but it, stood for the significance of the city. Some German horse-soldier symbolised the last to go and, lifting his hat, took one last look at the place and said "Auf Wiedersehen." And Alsace became French once more.

What a thing to graft two French provinces to the living body of Germany for fifty years and then dispart when the blood has learned to flow strongly from the new flesh to the heart! You feel the break, the interruption, when you go there now.

And now the same two provinces, heavily Germanised, are regrafted back to the original flesh of France. It would be absurd to say that the circulation of the blood and the spirit has been re-established at once. There is a great deal of mortification in Alsace and Lorraine. It will be a long while before French life permeates the whole and surges through every vein. Meanwhile the process of Frenchification proceeds.

We seldom hear that the Germans dare claim to hold Alsace and Lorraine on any grounds, and yet, in fact, quietly and persistently, they do dare. It is frequently urged in conversation that if a *plébiscite* had been taken in the two provinces the majority would have been found desirous of remaining under German rule. This, no doubt, is partly vanity, and springs from the belief in the supposed preferability of German civilisation to French civilisation—even French people who knew what it was to live under a French as well as a German regime might prefer the latter, as more efficient and comfortable and up to date. But the belief that a *plébiscite* would have gone in German favour is based even more on the German population and on the strong business interests which link the industrial part with the industrial whole. Alsace and Lorraine through commercial development had become an exceedingly important constituent of modern Germany before the war. Germany, moreover, claims to have converted them from poor departments of France to wealthy industrial communities.

Naturally, no one on the allied side of the peace-table ever dreamed of considering such arguments. And they are so lacking in practical cogency that they find no place in the current consideration of modern Europe. They are useless arguments for a Germany which lost the war, and they are assumed to be quite dead. Germany has enough trouble to save Westphalia and Silesia and the Ruhr valley, let alone think about the irrecoverables of the war. She might as well argue that the fleet she sank at Scapa Flow should be restored to her as think of Alsace now.

Nevertheless, the arguments remain for another day to become the arguments of pretension and justification. France, naturally, is taking care that there shall never be another day of reckoning. So far, so good. Germany still goes downward. But let France make a mistake in her diplomacy and "get in wrong," as they say in America, and it will all be fought over again. It was only fifty years after the Franco-German war that this new war came. Who knows what re-groupings of power there may be or how Germany will stand in 1970!

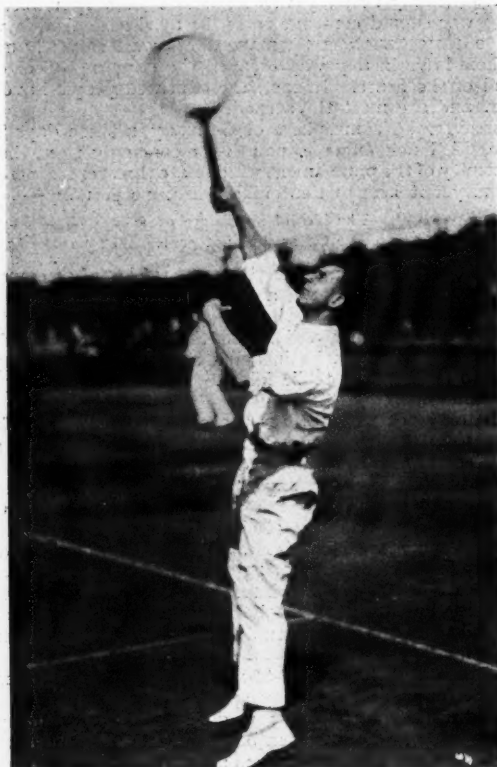
In our reckonings and prognostications we should keep in mind that the German is the centre body of the Teutonic race. He is down, but he is not and cannot be beaten. His mind is resentful, and, indeed, full of the revenge instinct. He has not learned the lesson of humility and obedience in the Great War. Who has? He believes he is meant to be master in the vast European plain which he has fitly named "Central Europe—Mittel Europa" and identified with himself.

# THE FAVOURITE SHOTS OF FAMOUS PLAYERS

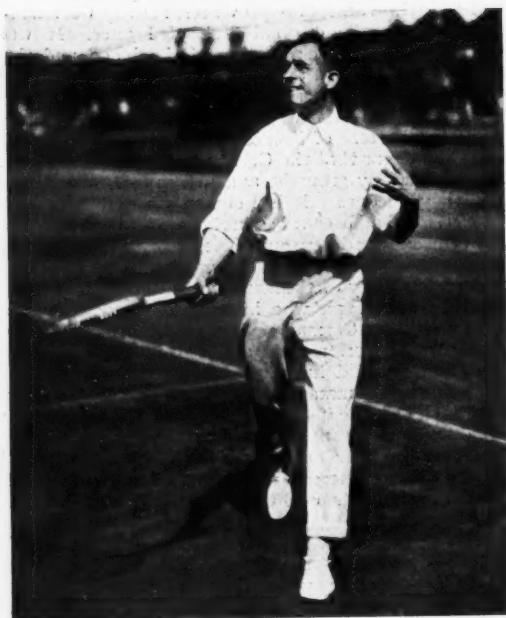
RANDOLPH LYCETT—THE SMASH.



BEGINNING THE SMASH.



THE DOWNWARD BLOW.



THE FOLLOW THROUGH.



TRANSFERRING THE WEIGHT.

**T**HERE is no more soul-satisfying stroke in lawn tennis than the "smash," and no player who executes it more whole-heartedly than Randolph Lycett, who played for England in the recent Davis Cup match against Spain. The smash is a stroke unlike other volleys in this way. The ordinary volley is normally intended either to win the ace outright by placing it to one side or other of the court out of your opponent's reach, or to pave the way for winning it by making it difficult for him to return the ball in any way except that which will give you the opportunity for another volley which will be decisive. The smash is intended to win the ace outright, not by placing, but by sheer speed of stroke. It is hit with the player's full strength, without regard to its direction, since its essential is pace. It is therefore usually played not towards the side-lines but down the middle of the court.

In the four photographs of Lycett which show him in the act of making his favourite shot, his method can be followed from start to finish. In the first picture he is seen swinging

his racket back as far as possible, for the ball must be hit with the full swing of the racket to get the utmost possible speed on to it. Note, too, the position of the player in the court—about six or seven feet inside the service line. The nearer the net, the more devastating the smash, since every foot the player is further away from the net lessens the available area of his opponent's court into which he can hit his shot. The weight of the body rests on the left foot. In the second picture the ball is actually being hit, Lycett stretching up to his full height to get "well over" it, for the smash must be a *downward* blow. The two remaining photographs show the "follow-through" of the arm and racket after the ball has been hit. Observe that the full weight of the body has been put into the shot, as can be seen from the way the weight has now (in the final picture) come on to the right foot. Yet from the "easy" position it is clear how well the balance has been maintained all through the stroke: which means that the shot has been perfectly "timed"—the essence of success.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## SMOKE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some time ago you had an interesting Country Note on the clearness of the atmosphere in London during the coal strike. I have also read elsewhere a paragraph in which it is argued that the purity of the atmosphere observed in towns during the recent coal stoppage cannot be attributed to the lack of smoky fires, since even on the South Downs there has been an amazing intensity of light and a visibility far better than the average. To this latter statement photographers and others testify, but to assume that there is never smoke in Sussex sufficient to pollute the air appears to me erroneous. At my own home in Essex, over thirty miles to the north-east of London, long experience has shown me that the hounds will never run if there is a drift from the direction of the London fog, and the yokels of the district always say "You won't get any sport to-day, sir," when such are the conditions. A south-west wind is, of course, in most places an ideal wind for a good run, and the exception in my own country seems to prove that even at great distances the atmosphere may be so seriously affected by city smoke as to destroy the chances of a scent. I am therefore of opinion that the foxhound—so sensitive to all pollution of the air—supplies a proof that even country air is purer when smoke is absent from the towns.—AN ESSEX SPORTSMAN.

## "A VANISHING BURN."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enquiry as to the disappearance of streams by Miss M. G. S. Best in COUNTRY LIFE of July 9th interests me as I have noted several instances of the kind and the phenomenon is well known to geologists. In a limestone country there is a constant tendency for water to disappear underground through joints and fissures; for example, the River Nidd disappears at Manchester Hole and reappears at Lofthouse, near Pateley Bridge, after two miles underground; the River Aire disappears about half a mile below Malham Tarn and emerges at Aire Heads, two miles away; the Dale Beck, near Ingleton, passes several times underground; the Skirfare, a tributary of the Wharfe, in the dry summer of 1915 disappeared underground for at least two miles. The Manifold, above Ilam Hall in Derbyshire, flows underground. When the rainfall is sufficient to fill the underground channel and raise the water level in the limestone at least as high as the sub-aerial stream-bed, then the stream will flow in daylight, as it will if its bed is sufficiently puddled with clay to make it watertight. The carbonic acid in water enlarges joints and fissures and combined with the mechanical erosion by transported pebbles gives rise to caverns in limestone.—BERNARD HOBSON.

## CORSICAN CHURCH BELLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps you may care to publish this picture from Corsica. Most of the village churches there have tall and slender campaniles, such as one sees in Italy. There are a few still

with no tower for the bells, which are hung outside on a wooden framework. At Albertacce there were two fine bells outside the church. The villagers are anxious to have a campanile and the work has been begun; cut stones are lying all around, but work has ceased owing to lack of funds, so for a time the primitive structure will remain. A small boy runs up and rings the Angelus, and the priest clangs the bell before he goes into church for Mass. Behind the bells are the snow-clad slopes of Monte Rotundo and the neighbouring mountains.—M. H. BICKNELL.

## PROLONGING THE STRAWBERRY SEASON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As you published last week my letter on July sowings, you will possibly be interested in the following. The ideal period for making new plantations of strawberries is probably from the last week in July until the third week in August. In my experience early planting has proved most successful, doubtless because the new stock finds time to establish plenty of roots before the soil becomes cooled with the approach of winter. To keep up a good succession of fruits various sites must be selected, as a few examples will serve to show. Award the sunniest and best drained border to those two grand earlies, King George and Royal Sovereign. For maincrop and mid-season supplies generally, the most open position available should be prepared for the reception of Laxton's Maincrop, International, Fillbasket and Leader (the two last-named sorts are splendid for preserving purposes). But for a really late supply of berries give me a cool border situated at the foot of a north wall, and the varieties Laxton's Latest and Givon's Late Prolific. The autumn months are generally endured without strawberries but I have gathered fine berries on October 1st, this not by the invention of any original plan, but simply by emulating the example of a thorough Scotch gardener under whose direction I once served. He annually forced a large number of strawberries in pots, relying on the two varieties—Royal Sovereign and Vicomtesse H. de Thury. After their fruiting career under glass had ended, the plants were placed on a warm border at 18ins. apart. Careful nursing through the summer, i.e., watering if necessary and hoeing always, invariably resulted in a fair yield of berries in the autumn. It would be superfluous to dwell on the importance of thorough initial preparation of the soil for such a permanent crop as strawberries, but something might be helpfully said about methods of planting. Personally, I like arranging the plants in triangular groups, allowing 6ins. from plant to plant in the triangle and 3oins. each way between each group. In this way space is economised and the three plants soon merge into a single specimen. Accommodate the plants in slight depressions to facilitate watering if a dry spell should follow immediately after the formation of the new bed. Firm planting in moderately firm soil contributes in no small degree

to the production of satisfactory crops. Varieties of the strawberry have been added to by recent introductions of considerable merit. Sir Douglas Haig (early) and Laxtonian (maincrop) being the pick of the basket.—F. W. MILES.

## A GREAT CRESTED GREBE'S NEST STRANDED BY THE DROUGHT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph showing the effect of the drought among birds. This great-crested grebe built its nest in deep water



HIGH AND DRY.

but, as you see, it is now high and dry above the mud.—OLIVER G. PIKE.

## GOLDFISH AND WATER-SNAILS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am wondering whether you can give me a little advice on the following matter: On the north side of my house I have built a very fine Roman garden with a lily pond in the centre. This pond, roughly speaking, holds about 3,000 to 4,000 gallons of water. It is built of concrete, which was covered with a green deposit, and the water became quite thick and was very unsightly when I emptied it about three weeks ago. It was filled about three or four months ago from our main, the water being pumped from the Carisbrooke hills. The pond itself contains nothing but rockery work, there being no plant life or fish in it. Now, can you tell me if there is any way of keeping this water clear, or fairly so, without killing the goldfish which I am just going to put in the pond? Any advice you are able to give me on this matter will be greatly appreciated.—S. E. SAUNDERS.

[Mr. Frank Finn writes: "It would be well to stock the pond with plenty of water-snails, which would feed on the green growth at the sides, and themselves provide food for the fish in the shape of their spawn and young. The fish themselves would probably help to keep down the growth, which is a low form of plant life. Food should be offered them with discretion so as to encourage them in this."—Ed.]

## "THE TALLEST YEWS IN EUROPE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read with interest the article on this subject. Round here there are some fine yews though none very tall that I know of. There is one, however, in East Chillington Churchyard 22ft. 5ins. in girth about 3ft. from the ground and 26ft. 6ins. about 5ft. from the ground. I roughly measured it some short time since and it seems larger than those mentioned.—EDWIN FAYLE.



THE BELLS OF ALBERTACCE.

## TAME BABY BADGERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in Lady Tweeddale's letter on this subject in a recent number of *COUNTRY LIFE*. While motoring through the village of Elston, Notts, a few days ago, I was amused to see a badger cub following a boy along the road. I stopped and enquired if it was his, and he said his father took it quite young from an earth. I enclose you a photograph of the little owner with his pet. It is licking the boy's face in one picture. I afterwards saw the boy's father, and I photographed him with the badger and a tame kestrel—



BADGER CUB AND TAME KESTREL.

picture enclosed. Trusting these will be of interest to your readers.—HOWARD BARRETT.

## THE FROG'S SCREAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—More than fifty years ago I was walking with my father on the Co'swolds, and we were about to cross a wide country road when shrill screams arose from the opposite side—an utterly unknown cry to me, but my father said at once, "That is a snake after a frog." On a bank, which was just inside the low park wall, a big grass snake lay at full length, and in its mouth was a large frog, the hind legs and half the body being already gorged, while the poor creature made frantic efforts to get free, at the same time making the pitiful scream. A stone thrown flat on the snake made it jump and wriggle off into the grass with great rapidity, letting go the frog, which made a tremendous leap of three or four yards and then remained panting for a minute or two, so that we could examine it well. It was not injured at all. My father said that it had been quite a recognised sport among country boys in his youth to wriggle a stick in the grass, with as near an approach to a snake's movement as possible, behind a frog, when the frog would scream.—MARTLET.

## "CALIFORNIAN BEES."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some of our Odiham villagers keep what they call "Californian bees." In appearance it consists of irregular-shaped lumps of white rather granulated substance, not unlike large tapioca which has been soaked. These lumps float on the top of a glass jar of water; I say float, but they are continually sinking to the bottom of the vessel, and then after a few moments rise again to the surface, so that some lumps are rising and falling all the time. They increase rapidly by division and are covered with air bubbles. They appear to be a low form of vegetable life, but what causes them to rise and fall and be so perpetually in motion? The strange thing is that when one falls to the bottom of the water it gives off air bubbles, and when apparently all the air is discharged it rises to the surface. The owners dust a little white sugar into the water at intervals "for the bees to eat," and a certain amount of fermentation takes place. The water is changed every nine days, when it has become a thick amber colour, and is supposed to be a pleasant drink.—W. M. E. FOWLER



AFFECTION'S GREETING.

## THE GOLDEN-BACKED WOODPECKER IN INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

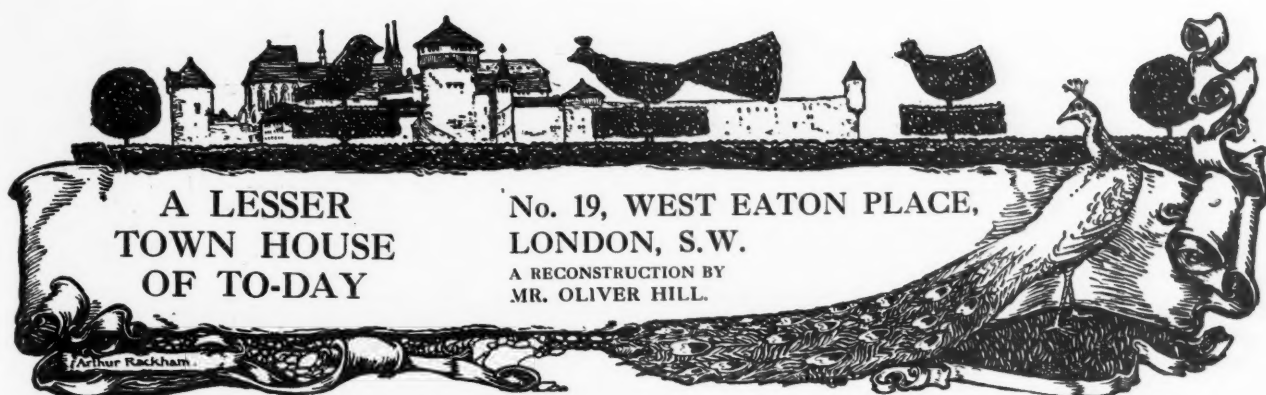
SIR,—The accompanying photographs of the golden-backed woodpecker, and the method of obtaining them, may, I hope, be of interest. The photographs of the woodpecker are self-explanatory, but the method of securing them was as follows: The hide, which is constructed more or less on the lines recommended by Kearton in his book "Wild Life at Home," more than fulfilled my expectations, as in less than an hour after placing it in position, about nine feet from the nest, camouflaged as far as possible to suit its surroundings, the parents paid several visits, and during a period of about four hours I made nine exposures. The hide in which I concealed myself is 7ft. high and 3ft. in diameter, made out of canvas secured to bamboos shod at their lowest extremity, by which it can be fixed in position in a few minutes, a slit being cut in the front for the camera and a flap behind to allow of

ingress and egress. Small holes are cut in different places for the purpose of observation and ventilation, and a coat of paint completed the imitation tree trunk, and I think that the photographs and the time I spent in concealment will bear testimony to the apparent indifference of the birds which enabled me to closely watch and observe their movements. During the absence of the parents the young bird would put out its head from the hole, sometimes with its beak open, presumably for the purpose of obtaining fresh air, at other times it would look round in search of its parents and utter little sharp cries in order to call their attention and then put its head down on the edge of the hole in a resting position, and presently one or other of the birds would come. On one of these visits the bird was so absorbed in attending to the wants of its offspring that I secured a picture and was able to change the plate and reset the shutter before it was aware that something was wrong and flew away, just as I was about to make another exposure. The process of feeding is effected by ejecting the food by means of the bird's tongue, which is just visible in one of the photographs with the bird on the left-hand side of the nest, which was secured just after the operation had been completed. Douglas Dewar in his book on Indian Birds makes the following remarks: "Woodpeckers:—They feed exclusively on insects, which they pick off the trunks of trees, tapping the same with their chisel-like beak to drive their quarry from its lair. They are very skilled climbers, moving up and down the tree trunk in a series of jerks; the head is always pointing upwards. Their powers of flight are not great, they progress through the air in a series of undulations, uttering their peculiar harsh cries. They excavate their nests in the trunks of trees. A great many woodpeckers exist in India, but only two species are widely distributed. The golden-backed woodpecker is not found in Assam, but is common in all other parts of India. It has a bright crimson crest. Top of head black. Sides of head white, with a number of black lines and streaks. Upper back golden yellow. Lower back and tail black. Wings black and golden yellow, with some white spots. It has a loud screaming call, which it constantly utters. The eggs, three in number as a rule, are white and glossy, and measure about 1.1 ins. by .8 in. —E. L. RICHARDSON, Negapatam, South India.



THE GOLDEN-BACKED WOODPECKER AND ITS NEST, WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S INGENUOUS HIDING PLACE.



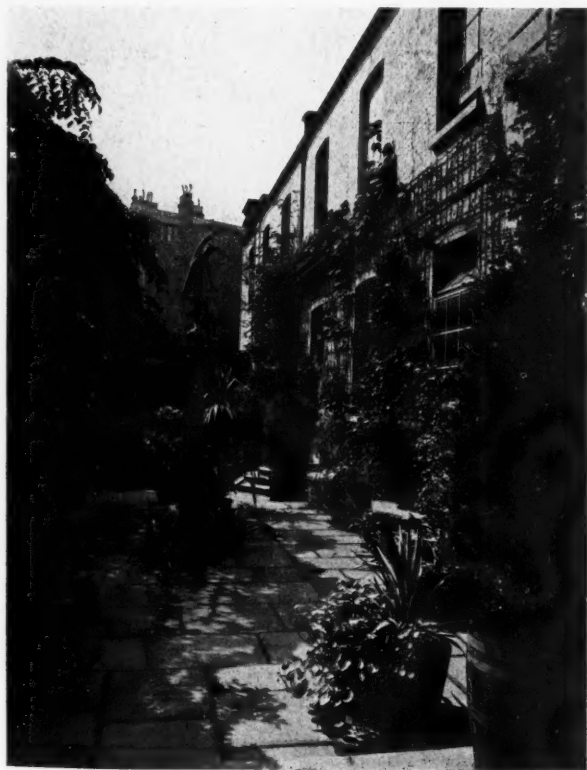


TO the early years of the present generation belongs that smug picture of the boy and what he might become. We were to be fearfully impressed by the physiognomy which indicated the felicitous reward of good conduct on the one hand and the deplorable fulfilment of a vicious life on the other. A sort of architectural companion picture to this may be conjured up, but with the architect always on the right side of the moral. And there is a peculiar interest in comparing what was with what is. As regards the former, unfortunately no photograph is available as pictorial evidence of the original state of the house which is my present concern. A brief sketch in words must, therefore, suffice. Let the reader imagine, then, a cul-de-sac tucked away in the angle of a street leading out of one of the London squares. An opening here was railed across, and through it one passed down a rough roadway to a builder's yard. On the right was a little building of crude brick with gaping windows in it, and about half way along were steep steps leading up to an entrance. Two houses were here embodied in conjunction with some workshops, and round about was aridness and *débris* pure and simple—with no vestige of vegetation. Having conjured up this mental picture of what was, now look at the accompanying illustrations of what is. It will be seen that a remarkable transformation has been effected. Mr. Oliver Hill is the architect-magician in the case, and he has wrought his magic with rare skill. The illustrations tell all that can be told by photographs, but inevitably they lack an element which is here more important than any other—the element of colour; for the delightful little town house which has been contrived out of such unprepossessing material is full of colour cunningly blended with the architectural forms. Even so, the illustrations show us a very pretty transformation. At the entrance we gain a measure of this, for, in place of the rough railing, is a graceful wrought-iron gate and overthrow framed between a pair of brick piers with urns as terminals, the whole having a fairy touch in comparison with the heavy span of stuccoed brickwork above—a connecting link between the



THE ENTRANCE GATE.

street blocks. Through this gate we glimpse the garden forecourt, and a nearer view reveals this as a delightful little place



From the Entrance.

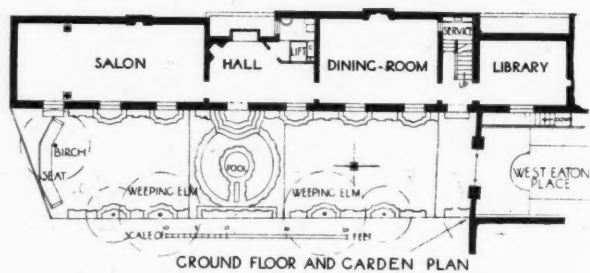


Looking Across.

TWO VIEWS OF THE FORECOURT.

In creating it out of the old roadway it was necessary first to make up from the further level. Then flags were laid, a fountain pool was formed in the centre, treillage was set up to screen back-yardom, trees and shrubs were imported to give the needed air of greenery, and Mercury on a tall stone shaft was introduced as a focal point in the scheme. The trees, it may be noted, were marked as they grew at Bagshot, and brought thence to their appointed places in this forecourt garden. It is surprising how well the weeping elms and silver birches do in their new setting. On the house face, windows of old character were put in place of the big crude panes, and trellis was set up for flowering plants to overspread the brickwork. The buddleia is a glory of colour in its season, and being a magnet for butterflies, these are drawn to it out of the unknown.

Within the house we find Mr. Hill to be, above all, an architect with a *flair* for experiment in decoration. He knows his book, as we can see, for example, in the dining-room, where an enriched beamed ceiling and a mantelpiece with sun-burst and drapery follow the familiar eighteenth century model, and are the new structural features that give architectural character to what was a characterless room. But a spirit of adventure is seen in the decoration, which embraces such diverse elements as the family portraits, a beautiful Chinese painting on silk (hanging between the windows, above a side table) and painted furniture; all seen against greenish glazed walls on which have been pasted borders to form panels—a relic and revival of a Late Georgian fashion. In the salon the walls are a delightful tone of apricot, arrived at by superposing several colours and skilfully touching the surface here and there with a brush. Only by this method can such variety of tone be got on a painted wall. The salon is a long room made out of two, the junction being marked by a pair of Ionic pillars. Between it and the dining-room comes what might be taken as a hall, but is here termed a "Chinese Room." With yellow walls, this is treated as the haven for a fine collection of old Nankin china, which Mr. Hill thinks should always be seen by itself and not mixed in the customary way. The staircase of one of the two houses stood in the space which is now occupied by this "Chinese Room," and a passenger lift has been inserted in its place. The other staircase was rebuilt in its original position beyond the present dining-room. It comes down into a little hall paved with white marble, out of which a study opens. Wallpaper of Chinese pattern has been used, cut into irregular shapes,



on the staircase walls, the background being primrose yellow, which colour also is adopted for most of the bedrooms.

It is all very colourful and refreshing; not everywhere successful, but markedly so in its general effect. The easy thing is to do architecture and decoration by rote. To experiment is to court failure, but also to achieve incomparable success. The true artist will always take his courage in both hands and attempt a new thing individual to himself, yet reflecting the scholarship of the past. That is Mr. Oliver Hill's aim. R. R. P.



SALON.



HALL AND STAIRCASE.



DINING-ROOM.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

# SPORTING AND RESIDENTIAL QUALITIES

**T**HE sporting element is becoming of more and more importance every year in regard to the sale and letting of landed property, and it needs no emphasis in regard to many of the estates which are mentioned to-day. There is no more attractive feature of particulars of sale than a nicely tabulated statement of the game bags over a series of years. If it is not given in the case of some properties which are very well known for their shooting, the reason is sometimes to be found in the vendor's decision to dispose of the property in lots, when, of course, some of the significance of such statements is necessarily shorn of that value that they possess where an extensive property is dealt with as a whole.

### HOLME LACY.

**W**HEN Holme Lacy was submitted in London in December, 1919, it extended to just over 3,400 acres, and though subsequent sales have considerably reduced the acreage, the infinite variety of attractions of this magnificent seat still include excellent shooting, with no difficulty in acquiring the sporting rights over 2,000 acres. The woods and plantations near the mansion are well placed, of convenient size, and threaded by capital drives. They afford cover for a large number of pheasants and partridges, and wild duck are plentiful in the district. The fishing, which has been better than usual this year, is specially valuable, for there are five miles of salmon water in the Wye, and the exclusive rights from the right bank comprise a good many well known pools. The average weight of fish, exceeded this year, is 20lb., and the take in 1917 of 265 must not be regarded as up to the average, which now considerably exceeds 300. The North and South Herefordshire Foxhounds and the Ledbury and Ross Harriers ensure everything that can be desired for hunting, and the golfer has Hereford, Ross, Malvern, Withington, Ledbury and Bromyard courses within easy reach, and ample space in the park well adapted for the laying out of a private course. So much for one important aspect of the estate. The mansion and 343 acres are now for sale in private negotiation by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with vacant possession.

Holme Lacy, described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. VI, page 80; and Vol. XXV, pages 870 and 906), has a history running back to the Norman Conqueror's grant of it to Walter de Lacy for valour at Hastings. Through much that is fascinating enough we come down to "Sir Scudamore" of "The Faerie Queene," whose friendship for Spenser received the reward of immortality in that famous work.

We must go back to 1545 to find John Scudamore, the High Sheriff of Herefordshire, erecting on the site of Walter de Lacy's house a brick building in the form of a letter "H," with gables and stone mullions. The second Viscount commenced rebuilding Holme Lacy after the style of a French or Flemish château, adding a couple of new wings of reddish stone and retaining the original structure as offices. The third Viscount largely built the present house, and there entertained Pope and Gay, whose "Beggar's Opera" has of late enjoyed a renewal of popular favour.

The moulded ceilings of Holme Lacy are some of the best examples in England of that type of decoration. The late Sir Robert Lucas Lucas-Tooth, Bart., for whose executors the estate was offered for sale in 1919, acquired Holme Lacy in 1910, and expended an enormous sum in putting it into thorough order.

### ABOYNE CASTLE SPORTINGS.

**L**IKE most estate shooting records, that of Aboyne Castle comes to an abrupt conclusion in 1914-15. There, as everywhere else, sport has been resumed after the general interval of four or five years, but the figures have not been, as a rule, very carefully kept, and the interruption during the war has made the totals for the years antecedent to it more useful as an index of the capability of an estate than the figures of the last two years could be.

The tabular statement of the game bags on Aboyne Castle lands should be divided into two portions, first, of the castle lands, and secondly, of the Ferrar, Braeroddach and Gellan portion. The hill ground, which faces the south for the most part, is sheltered and not too high, and it carries a good stock of birds for the size of the moor. The ground

along with the plantations is well served by roads and rides. Good and varied shooting, with an abundance of low ground game, may be had.

Taking the Aboyne section the total game bags were: In 1908, 2,927; 1910, 3,637; 1912, 4,574; 1914, 5,460; and 1915, 2,965. Pheasants ranged from 167 in 1908 to 304 in 1911 and 120 in 1915; partridges from 201 in 1908 to 112 in 1915; in 1911 the grouse numbered 95, and in 1915 89; and a few roe deer fell yearly. The other section of the estate has a game bag in which partridges and grouse are among the largest totals, respectively 353 and 352 in 1915; and hares, wild duck and snipe are also plentiful.

The Dee has a deserved reputation as one of the best salmon rivers in Scotland, the four and a half miles of Aboyne having been called "the cream of the Dee." The salmon killed (rod fishing only) counted up to 387 in the 1918 season, 293 in 1919 and 869 in 1920. The lochs also yield first-rate fish. A feature of the woods is the great quantity of hard timber ready for felling, and the extensive birch plantations.

Aboyne Castle occupies a situation of peculiar beauty in Upper Deeside, and is for sale at Aberdeen on August 5th by Messrs. Davidson and Garden. From the earliest times Aboyne was a tribal centre, but it was not until the twelfth or thirteenth century that castle building in the Scots-Norman style began there. Of that work the donjon remains only have been preserved. This is of rough unchiselled boulders, but remarkable for the accuracy with which the corner stones are laid. Excavations in recent years have revealed the great extent and strength of the early fortress. Aboyne was one of the twenty-three castles of which Edward I demanded the surrender, and in 1291 we find his "Constabularius de Obeyn" was Richard de Swethope. Following a petition, in the year 1304 Edward decreed "The castle to remain till further orders," and two years later he ordered the repair of the castles of Dundee, Forfar, Aberdeen and Aboyne, for "the land around Aboyne is savage and full of evil-doers."

The present castle dates its inception from about the year 1670, of course with many enlargements and alterations in the time since. Shooting seems at one period to have been but a minor interest of the holders of Aboyne, if we may draw an inference from the "Narration" (1640) of Father Blakhall. That worthy, when the Civil War broke out, "did make provision of armes, to defend the person, house and tenantes of my ladye: to wit, eight double muskets; and as many light gunnes with snape workes; with a long smal fouling gun and a very wide carrabine. So we had 18 peaces of fire work, forby four pistolets that I had."

The castle is of granite, with good grounds and woodlands around, and the 5,600 acres are 2,034 arable, 1,900 acres moorland, and the rest woods; and it has its own station on the Great North of Scotland Railway, half a mile from the castle.

### LORD ROBERTS' ASCOT HOUSE.

**N**EXT Thursday at Hanover Square Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, jointly with Mr. Dyneley Luker, are to sell Englemere, Ascot, the residence of the late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, with about 82 acres; also a Wiltshire freehold, Elcombe Hall, near Swindon, with 26 acres. The latter sale is by order of the Wiltshire County Council, which bought the property in 1919, when the realisation of landed estates belonging to the Governors of Sutton's Hospital in Charterhouse was in progress.

### BARON HILL AND SNOWDONIA.

**T**HE series of sales already announced in these columns of North Wales properties on behalf of Sir Richard H. Williams Bulkeley will begin next Wednesday at Hanover Square, when the fine old Georgian mansion, Baron Hill, and other property overlooking the Menai Straits, in all 3,610 acres, will be put up as a whole or in blocks. If it is not thus sold there will be a local auction at the Beaumaris Town Hall next month. The exclusive right of sporting, subject, of course, to the Ground Game Acts, is reserved to the vendor until early next year. The summit of Snowdon, with 3,360 acres of the heart of Snowdonia,

will be offered at Hanover Square next Wednesday for the same vendor, and that, again, may be dealt with locally if it does not find a buyer in London. The fishing rights in the lakes, including Llyn Dinas and Llyn-cwm-y-ffynnon and the river Glaslyn, are of considerable value.

### EASTWELL AS A SPORTING ESTATE.

**T**HE Ashford auction of Lord Gerard's Eastwell Park estate resulted in the sale of thirty-nine lots for £23,200, but the mansion and other lots remain for private treaty. Eastwell has a well deserved reputation as a sporting estate. The woods have been carefully managed and give first-rate cover. The contour of the land ensures high flying birds, and the bags of pheasants and partridges are always heavy. The lake, nearly 40 acres dotted with islands, draws wildfowl from all parts and affords excellent coarse fishing. The property was described in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. I, page 378), and, speaking of the sporting, Mr. Max Baker's article on "A Famous Shooting Estate" (*COUNTRY LIFE*, March 26th last, page 364) explained, with the aid of typical pictures, how it is that "Nature and man have combined to produce high pheasants" there. There are three main beats: the Home Coverts, Challock Church and Gravel Hill. Challock Church beat has produced as many as 1,800 pheasants in one day. The rabbit ground has given 3,000 or more rabbits to four guns in three days.

Speaking of Kentish sporting properties, Leeds Castle should be mentioned. That famous property, in the hands of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. to be let, has 2,185 acres of shooting with 580 acres of woodlands, and as many as 750 birds have been shot in a day on but a small section of the estate.

Chartwell, 816 acres at Westerham, to be sold next Tuesday at Tonbridge, affords good shooting, the coverts being nicely placed on warm and sunny slopes. There is also a fair-sized bag to be had on the Combe Bank estate, which is to be sold for Mr. Robert Mond at Hanover Square on August 4th, the 518 acres near Sevenoaks having yielded 31 hares and 201 pheasants last year, but that property is chiefly noted as the home of the dairy shorthorn herd and the Shire horse stud, from which latter have been produced Babingley Nulli Secundus, Childwick Champion and Sundridge Nulli Secundus (junior champion of London, 1921).

Messrs. Hampton and Sons have sold Pratsham Grange, Holmbury St. Mary, a picturesque house with 37 acres.

### A SPORTSMAN'S FORMER HOME.

**H**AM HILL, POWICK, three miles from Worcester, a fine old-fashioned residence in a high position overlooking the valley of the Teme, 9 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Deacon and Ingman. This residence was at one time the home of the late Marquess of Queensberry of boxing fame. The firm report the sale of numerous other properties involving a total of close on £16,000.

A total of £25,910 was obtained by Messrs. Simmons and Sons for the Berwick St. James estate, the Salisbury sale clearing all the lots except four pairs of cottages. Terrick House, Butlers Cross, Bucks, a Queen Anne house, until recently part of the Chequers Court estate, has been sold by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith to a client of Messrs. Saunders and Son, before auction.

Mr. J. S. Castiglione has taken into partnership Mr. Cyril J. Dampney, and has removed from the Haymarket to No. 68, St. James's Street. The firm will be Castiglione and Dampney.

The sporting rights on the 792 acres of the Danchurst estate, on the outskirts of Ashdown Forest, are reserved until next February. Messrs. Powell and Co. will offer the property next Tuesday at Lewes in twenty-three lots. On the same day, at Ashford, Messrs. Winch and Sons are to sell some 700 acres of Weald of Kent land, in seven lots, some of which have very picturesque old farmhouses.

Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker have sold privately, prior to the auction, Hookpit Farm, Kingsworthy, Winchester, 126 acres; and Medstead House, Alton, 23 acres. In consequence of the latter sale the firm will for the executors of the late Colonel Stratford Halliday, shortly sell the surplus contents of Medstead House.

ARBITER.

# THE SUPREMACY OF CRAIG AN ERAN.

## FOUR CUP RACES DISCUSSED.

**H**AD the Derby winner, Humorist, been still in the land of the living there might have been justification for continuing the controversy as to whether he or Craig an Eran was entitled to take rank as the champion of his age. Humorist, however, lives only in the memory, and since writing a week ago Craig an Eran has added to his laurels by winning the Eclipse Stakes in the most convincing style possible. Even if Humorist had lived the majority of people, who love giving expression to their ideas on these interesting points, would be on the side of Lord Astor's horse. I am not going to be drawn into expressing a definite opinion. With one of the rivals dead it would be so easy to be dogmatic, but I will say this: that as the race was run the best horse won the Derby. Craig an Eran might have beaten Humorist had he been ridden by either Donoghue or Bullock, for it is beyond argument that either is well in front of Brennan, who rode the horse in the Derby. Humorist was far better adapted in a physical sense by his exceptional speed and handiness to the Epsom course. Had the Derby been decided at Newmarket as was the case in the years of war, then it is more likely that Craig an Eran would have confirmed his Two Thousand Guineas superiority.

These thoughts are suggested by the way in which Craig an Eran won the Eclipse Stakes last week. His great rival is no more and now he would seem to stand unchallenged as the best of his age. Lemonora is talked about quite seriously as being destined to beat him when it comes to the St. Leger in September next, but much as I respect the Grand Prix winner I cannot accept him as the superior horse at the present time. His success in France was extremely well achieved, but nothing is more certain than that the French three year olds are not good according to the standard we set. I should have been disappointed had Lemonora failed in his mission, and the fact that he won does not necessarily enhance his claims to be a better colt than Craig an Eran. Rather is it a fact beyond any question that both in the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby Craig an Eran defeated him quite convincingly. Nevertheless on all their public form they are sufficiently near each other to invest their next meeting, which presumably will be the St. Leger, with very great interest. While Mr. Watson's horse keeps well Craig an Eran ought not to be an odds on chance, at any rate, so long before the race. The big chestnut may not be the soundest of horses in front, and that a wind infirmity does exist is beyond all question. The extraordinary thing is that it does not seem to affect him like it does almost every other horse. The further he went in the Grand Prix race the better he went, and it may be, of course, that the thick-windedness is more apparent than real, and that it clears after racing for a while.

I had not intended, when I started to write, to enter on a discussion as to the relative merits of Craig an Eran and Lemonora. It was doubtless suggested by Craig an Eran's victory of last week and the knowledge that he is now generally accepted as the best colt of his year. The way in which he won the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park was quite impressive. Some people judge a horse's win by the quality or lack of quality of those beaten, and in this case it is not possible to say that he achieved anything more than he was fully expected to accomplish. Only the book-makers seemed to differ from this point of view since they were found willing to accept odds of 3 to 1 and 7 to 2 that the colt did not win, whereas the odds were surely as much as 10 to 1 on him. What was the opposition? Monarch had proved that he had no pretensions to stay a mile and a quarter in this company; Braishfield was a four year old that was not in the first class last year, and you certainly want the best of the four year olds if they are to have a chance against the best of the younger horses; the filly, Pompadour, also owned by Lord Astor, must be at least 21lb. behind Craig an Eran; and the Duke of Portland's Evander would have some difficulty in winning any sort of race. That, then, was the simple task which Craig an Eran had to perform, and as an achievement it did not compare with what Buchan, in the same colours, did two years ago and again last year as a four year old in this same race. Still, the great thing is that Craig an Eran won just as easily as many another great horse has won a simple engagement. I really think he had less to do when he accounted for Hamlet and one other for the St. James' Palace Stakes at Ascot.

It is, of course, fairly well known that Craig an Eran is by Sunstar, and the effect of his success was to place that sire at the head of the winning sires' list, but within twenty-four hours Polymelus was back in his old place at the top, though I do not think he is destined to stay there for the rest of the season. By winning the rich National Breeders' Produce Stakes Polyhistor restored his sire, Polymelus, to the top. He is, indeed, a marvellous sire, for unless I am mistaken he was in indifferent health when he got this season's crop of two year olds, which include Pondoland and Polyhistor. The latter won on the occasion of his first appearance in public, which can be said of many other notable horses of their day. My mind recalls at once Tetratema, who won this Sandown race two years ago even more easily than Polyhistor did. Then The Tetrarch won it,

though he had won previously at Newmarket, Epsom and Ascot. Polyhistor has plenty of quality, but there is something lacking which you expect to find in the really high-class one that is going to make history. Perhaps it is that he lacks muscular development, but time may do this for him, and in the meantime let it not be forgotten that he won his race in really good style, for allowance must at all times be made for a horse that is being introduced to a racecourse for the first time. There is such a tendency to run "green" and lose through lack of experience. The three year old half-brother to Polyhistor is Polymestor, which has always struck me as being a "soft" sort. He was fortunate to win a race at Ascot through the opposition being extraordinarily weak.

I have never known racecourses in this country to be in such a burnt up and adamant state for racing as they are at the time of writing. Their condition is really incredible, and the extraordinary thing is that horses have stood it so well. Of course some have not been asked to run because they would have broken down for a certainty, while others have cracked under the strain to their joints and tendons. Many have known no other sort of going in public, as, for instance, Craig an Eran, for it has been hard for months past. It certainly was so on the day the Two Thousand Guineas was decided, and I well recall wondering whether we should have soft going for Epsom. There will be a vast upheaval in form when the rain does come and I hope I shall have the courage to refrain having a wager, however modest, until the form does adjust itself to the altered conditions. As this appears the race at Liverpool for the Summer Cup will be run, and I expect, should the present conditions prevail, it to be won by either the three year old Beauregard or the older horse, Abbott's Trace. The former was third for the Royal Hunt Cup, which is an indication that he has the necessary speed for this sharp course at Liverpool, and his stamina is proved by the very prominent way in which he ran for the Grand Prix. He made a great show for that race and I am convinced that at 7st. 4lb. he has a chance second to none for this Liverpool Cup.

His trainer fancies Abbott's Trace very much, but there is no doubt he has been given plenty of weight, bearing in mind that he has won very few races in his career. He should account for Paragon on their Jubilee Stakes running, though the suggestion will not appeal very much to the many admirers of that horse. Of course Lord Derby's Redhead will have a very considerable following and she was certainly unlucky to be beaten at Ascot. She won the race last year as a three year old, but she is up against a rather bigger proposition now. Lacrosse got a tremendously hard race to win the Bibury Cup a little while ago, and I shall be surprised if he has got over that. On the whole I see nothing in the race to shake my idea that Beauregard will score a popular win for Mr. Fred Hardy, who has big associations with the brewing industry in Lancashire. To-morrow at Hurst Park there is the race for the Victoria Cup. It was originally fixed to take place in May, but the coal strike intervened and so the event was reopened for this meeting. It is likely to produce a big field, and I know that Mr. S. B. Joel has considerable hopes of winning with Polydipsia, the horse that made a good impression when he won a race at Newbury just before Ascot. However, I have made up my mind that the best handicapped horse in the race is Barrulet, in the ownership of Lord Durham. How this filly came to lose the One Thousand Guineas is a mystery, for I have no doubt that she is the best filly in training up to a mile at any rate. She is to be ridden by the best apprentice and possibly the best light weight jockey in Lister.

Next week is Goodwood, and it follows that much depends, as regards its success from the purely racing point of view, on whether the parched Downs are to be well drenched by some hours of rain. We should hate it to rain during the hours of racing—we had enough of that a year ago—for it is quite certain that some well known horses will not run unless rain falls. The Stewards' Cup race attracts the public just as much as ever and I suppose there will be the usual desperate scramble and the long priced winner! I feel sure Glanmerin will be capable of giving 9lb. to the three year old Vencedor, which made such a favourable impression at Ascot, but as I write word reaches me that Vencedor may not run. I am attracted by the chance of Orby's Pride, especially should he have foregone competing for the Molyneux Stakes at Liverpool this week. It all depends on what Polydipsia does at Hurst Park this week end as to whether he competes, and the same refers to Tarvie, Polemarch, and Barrulet, which are all under orders to run during the present week. Princess of Mars puts Tetratema in at what I would consider to be an impossible weight, and I would prefer Service Kit, in which there is a race of some importance before long. I do not forget the great fight put up by Irish Elegance two years ago when he carried 10st. 2lb. and was just beaten by King Sol. Therefore it would not be a bad thing on this occasion, and that is to take sides with another very good horse, namely, Glanmerin, which, I venture to suggest, will win. Happy Man would win the Goodwood Cup, and only in his absence would I select that other good stayer, Spearwort. Periosteum is not likely to be seen out before the Doncaster Cup. PHILIPPOS.